

Sam^l. May! Book 1786
CHRISTIAN

H Y M N S,
P O E M S,

A N D

S P I R I T U A L S O N G S,

Sacred to the PRAISE of

G O D our S A V I O U R.

By JAMES and JOHN RELLY.

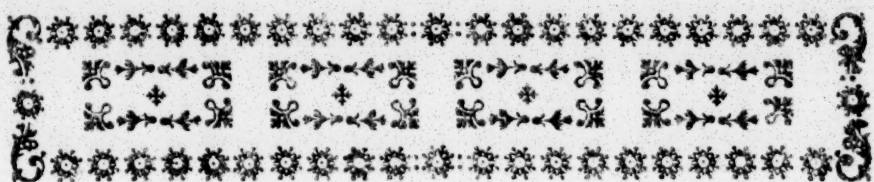
*I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Under-
standing also, 1 Cor. XIV. 15.*

B U R L I N G T O N :

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T O T H E
R E A D E R.

*W*HEN I say I have done as well as I could,
I need no other Apology ; because, in Reason,
nothing can be expected in spiritual Matters, from a
Man, above what he hath received ; nor can he
receive any Thing, except it be given him from
above. The Apostle, from this Consideration, shews
the Inconsistency and Unreasonableness of judging a
Man for not exhibiting what he has not ; or, of
censuring him for the Want of what he can only
have by the Gift of God : Thus arguing, What hast
thou, that thou hast not received ? and, if thou hast
nothing but what thou hast received, why dost thou
judge and set at Nought thy Brother, as though thou
hadst not received it ? Therefore, with Relation to
the Poems and Hymns before you, I can say, such
as I have received, I give unto you.

I thought

I thought it well to put the Poem, called The Believer, in the Front of the Hymns, as, in its Measure, containing and rendering a Reason of the Christian's Ground of Praise, and Delight therein. The Reason of my writing it in that Manner, was, its flowing, with Regard to Method and Matter, upon my Mind unsought, without Thoughtfulness or Study ; and not from an Imagination of my having any Skill in Poetry, especially that Sort of Verse. And when I have, since its first Printing, (fancying myself somewhat more skilful) attempted some Alterations, I have found myself utterly insufficient ; so that you have it as in the first Edition, the Alteration of a few Words excepted.

The Hymns, as you may perceive, are chiefly drawn from the Scriptures ; and are designed, at once, to offer Praise, and to seal Instruction on the Mind ; by serving as an Exposition on those Scriptures, from which they are drawn. In the general they testify of Jesus, according to the Word of the Gospel ; which, neither Man's Faith, nor Unbelief, makes true, or false. And, therefore, when sung by Babes and Sucklings ; yea, by those who have not known for themselves, it is as true ; (and why may not the Saviour be glorified) as if the Spirits of just Men made perfect joined the Song : This puts by that stale Objection, of some People's not being qualified to perform this Part of divine Worship, because they have not experienced what they sing. Indeed where Hymns are calculated to sing what we see, what we know, what we feel ; it is another Case :

Case : For then they are so stuffed with Egotism, that very few, comparatively, can join the Song. But when People are content to see, to know, to feel the Goodness of our Saviour with private Thankfulness before him ; (not making their own Enjoyments and Attainments the Matter of their Song) and are, by all this, drawn to make Jesus, as he is in himself, as the Gospel declares him, the Subject of their Praise ; then his Praise stands open to all ; and all may sing the Truth towards God : And certainly this comes nearest the Song of the Blessed above : Worthy is the Lamb, &c. for-ever dwells upon their Tongues. And to say that a Man cannot sing the Truth, except he has known it, and felt it for himself, is to say, that a Man cannot speak the Truth, when he relates a Fact received upon the best Authority, except himself hath seen it : Which, by the Way, is to invalidate the Authority of the Scriptures, to put sensible Demonstration before Faith, and then it is not the Evidence of unseen Things.

These are the Reasons, I would give, of the Hymns running generally in the Manner before-mentioned : And where any of them answer not to this, let it be imputed to Over-sight and Insufficiency, and not to Design.

*You may observe my Brother's Hymns, which follow in the second Part, are for Matter one with mine, though differing in Method, having not taken them methodically from any particular Scriptures ; but breaking-forth as raptured Praise from a glad-
ened*

ened Heart. He hath, without observing any Chain of Matter, glanced at many peculiar Glories of the Saviour, as declared in the Gospel. And, upon the Whole, I may venture to affirm for myself, and I am persuaded for him also, that our Aim in them is nothing less than to set forth the Beauty and Excellency of Jesus Christ our Lord! to his Praise, and the unspeakable Joy of all Beholders: That they may sing with the Spirit, and with the Understanding also, the Praises of him who hath loved us, and washed us from our Sins in his own Blood.

Holy and reverend is his Name!





T H E
B E L I E V E R.

B O O K I.

C O N T A I N I N G

*A Reason of the AUTHOR's Choice of this Subject;
Complaint of Partiality and Rigotry: With a
Word of Advice to the Reader.*

MY Mind, illiterate, unpolished,
Like a wild Waste, by no industrious
Hand

Early improv'd, must leave Creation's Song
To higher Geniuses. The Want of Learning,
Study, Expanse and Readiness of Thought,
Confines and limits me: Fruitless, unskill'd
In Meditation on Earth and Skies, the
Wond'rous Works of God; which nobler Minds,
by

Him inspir'd, withal capacitated,
By prudent Search, Enquiry rational,
Have with Success, Beauty and Elegance,
Divinely sung. Disclaiming all Pretence

To

To these advent'rous Flights, I am content
 Alone to tread that Path, and follow that
 More certain Track, wherein the Traveller,
 Tho' a Fool, shall never err. *Jesus*, the
 Way, the Truth, the Life; his *Birth*, his *Life*, and
Death, the Steps, by which I shall ascend up
 To the holy Hill, where all the Blessings
 Of his Blood, immense, unnumber'd, are by
 Me possess'd. I choose this Theme, because my
 Joy, my Health, my quick'ning Spirit, Life and
 Marrow of my Bone; Wine to my drooping
 Heart, and Oil to all my Wounds. My sure, tho'
 Humble Steps, there will I take, advancing
 With a Song of Praise to true Perfection.

Knowing myself, I know that Man is vain,
 Is partial, and rarely brought to *think*, to
Hear, to *read* impartially; or thus to
 Judge, of what is not his own. *Prejudice*,
 Love's Bane, and Ruin of Society,
 An envious Fiend, bitter, implacable,
 Malicious, and uncharitable; curst
 Salamander, bred in the Fire of Hell,
 The only Element in which it lives;
 A meagre Fury, Spawn of gigantick
 Pride and Wrath; Monster, Hide-bound, lean,
 raving,
 And unsatisfy'd, when ev'ry godlike
 Thought it has devour'd. Truth, Friendship,
 Kindness,
 Charity, impartial Honesty, still
 Falls a Prey to this; insensibly, by

This

This destroy'd. Spiritual Fever, burning,
 Pleuritick, contracts the generous Mind,
 Straitens the Bowels, disturbs all Peace, and
 Will not suffer the Object of its Wrath
 And Envy to possess his Life : Against
 Him enrag'd, from him refusing Light or
 True Instruction, it raises numberless
 Objections against the Word of Truth, and
 Life itself, if spoke by him ; yea, thinks the
 Worse of *Christ*, if *such* he will assist, and
 Evidence to Man his Presence with them.
 Thus fain would have him angry with all whom
 It condemns. If this, the Object of its
 Hate, be bless'd, 'twill not believe ; but if 'tis
 Evident, beyond Objection, then it
 Pines, as poison'd with his Joy. It hates the
 Gospel for his Sake, if he successful
 Is therein ; starts from the Truth, tho' known to
 What it knoweth wrong, and builds again what
 Once the Man destroy'd, only Revenge to
 Gratify, and crush the hated Worm. If
 He is still above it, steadfast in Truth
 And Liberty, which it cannot deny,
 Then will it represent him as knowing
 Only, not enjoying, or possessing
 What he speaks, and makes Confession of.

To prove this Evidence as true, it has
 A Microscope ; greatly, in Virtue, to
 Magnify, or make appear, what else the
 Naked Eye could not discern. Thro' this, it
 Calls the World to gaze upon the Man it

Hates : *There* the smallest Grain of Sand swells to
 A mighty Rock, rugged, and dreadful to
 Behold ; whilst Insects, much smaller than our
 Notice, *there* like Lions look, or savage
 Beasts, of Forms various, starts the Spectator
 As affrighted ; and thinks, nor Fruitfulness, nor
 Peace, nor Safety's there. Thus *Prejudice*, as
 In a Glass, presents the Man it hates, where
 Ev'ry Mole-hill rises to a Mountain ;
 Spitefully aggrandizing each Word and
 Work imperfect, spoke or done by him : With
 Artful Accent, and subtile Period, *it*
 Aggravates his Crimes. From his Confession,
 And Repentance, towards God and Man, *it*
 Will give a publick Proof of his being
 Criminal, until his Memory and
 Name's cast forth, to the loathing of his Word
 And Person : Thus furious will it smite the
 Object of its Hate, tho' through the Saviour's
 Sides. Oh cruel *Prejudice* ! which gives no
 Quarter, knows not how to spare, dreams it is
 Injur'd, and never will forgive : Like *Ham*,
 Betrays the Father's Nakedness, and like
 Him curs'd ; since *it* betrays, torments, and yet
 Will crucify afresh the Lord of Life
 And Glory, with Pain and open Shame, and
 That with Greediness, rather than not with
 Cruelty oppresses the poor and hated
Man. O dreadful *Prejudice* ! what Mischief
 Hast *thou* wrought ! Exposing and condemning
 That in others, which in thyself is spared :

Yea

Yea worse, far worse, foster'd in *thee*, in *thee*
Conceal'd, and yet is but a little one.

O hateful *Prejudice* ! Like Adders deaf,
Thou shut'st thy Ears against the Truth, and wilt
Not hear the Charmer's Voice, however wise he
Charm, because *thy* Image, Mind, and Features,
Are not seen on him : Yet, tho' *thou* wilt not
Hear, *thou* deem'st it Heresy ; and thus, in
Rage, condemnest what *thou* know'st not. *Thou*
Wouldst forbid whoe'er would work a mighty
Work or Miracle, and follows not with
Thee ! *Thou* hardly thinkest Good can any
Where be done, or any Thing of Moment
Possibly effected, where *thou* art not
Concern'd ! *Thou* wilt not be convinc'd that God
Can work, or will, but by such whom *thou*, in
Thy great Wisdom wilt approve of ! *Thou* lov'st
Thyself, and only lov'st *Thyself* ; and where
Thou lov'st thy Neighbour, it is for *thine* own
Sake : The Cause is his Subserviency : From
Him *thou* gatherest, in Thought, or Word, or
Work, or Shameness in Opinion, joining
In Spirit with *thee*, in all *thy* Ways, and
Each Proposal, made by *thee*. Whilst *thus*, then
Is he safe ; no Spot is seen, nor shall the
Deepest stain appear, his Sin is cover'd,
And each Infirmary is hid. But if
To his Conscience and his God, he faithful
Is, and cross *thy* Purposes, with Fire and
Sword *thou* followest him, blowing the brazen
Trumpet of Reproach, Slander, Calumny,
And

And Slaughter; trembles the Earth, whilst all the
 Sons of God, and Men, are at a Loss to
 Think. *Thus* raves the hellish Hag, accursed
Prejudice, new Conquests makes, whilst Millions
 Are *her* Subjects, spreads *her* Dominions wide
 From Sea to Sea, aims at universal
 Monarchy, and Conquest of the World. Long
 Has the true *Believer* stood the Mark of
 All *its* Envy, Calumny and Rage: With
 Infamy *it* brands him; often *it* writes
 His Name in Catalogue of Reprobates,
 And fain would drown him in Perdition. Old
 Scars and Bruises might he shew, with many
 Wounds, fresh bleeding, daily receiv'd from *this*
 Infernal Foe. To authorize *its* Rage
 And Bitterness, *it* turns his Accuser
 And pleads, that he's a Sinner; this he'll
 With true Remorse confess: But this sufficeth
 Not, except for Proof more pregnant, of the
 Accusation. Faith and Repentance *it*
 Refuses, and, like the old *Novatian*,
 Admits not of the Prodigal's Return,
 Nor will *it* suffer the poor Backslider
 Ever to be heal'd. As Messengers of
Job, each Day, and Hour, Report is made, and
 Tidings fresh are brought, of Loss of Friends,
 Of Name, and Reputation, Slander, vented
 New, and dire Reproach, old Infirmities
 Rais'd from the Dead, new cloath'd, new paint-
 ed, and
 Sent into the World, to rob him of his /
 Peace, his Life, and to persuade the Land, to
 Spew

Spew him out. From every Quarter, it so
 Warmly plies him, he scarce has Time to breathe,
 Nor will *it* suffer him to lift his Head.
 No Terms of Peace will *it* accept, unless
 He will dispair, and curse his God, and die.
 Like foaming Waves of Sea, *it* raiseth Mire
 And Dirt, at him so truly levell'd, that
 Now he hath no Part, but what's defil'd, all
 Cover'd o'er with Filth: The Robe excepted,
 Which Earth, nor Sin, nor Hell, can ever spot:
 In that he'll wrap himself, and solemnly
 Appeal, from *Jewish* Law, and Righteousness,
 And partial Tribunal, to thy great Seat
 Of Judgment, and impartial Justice, most
 Exalted *Cesar*, great King, and holy
 Emperor of Earth and Skies. Preserve the
 Soul 'till then, nor suffer thou the Flesh (so
 Often tempted, to make Reprisals on
 The Foe, and to render Railery for
 Its railing) ever to have its Way. And,
 To thy Praise, I'll now confess, that I had
 Fainted, if I had not in thee believ'd.

Since I have scarce a Friend, I need not be
 Surpris'd with Fear or Terror, lest these Lines
 Should fall into a partial Hand, because
 An Enemy. But yet, I would advise
 The Reader, and petition him, judge not
 Before thou read'st, nor then, before thou shalt
 Have Grace to understand. Thou wilt say 'tis
Heresy; first, imitate the honest
 Old *Bereans*, and nobly search the Scripture,
 Whether

Whether it is such or not. Or wilt thou
 Say, 'Tis only Speculation, Produce
 Of Knowledge, empty, transient, by Passions
 Working natural assisted? Is it
 The *Truth*? If *such*, he does not well, who yet
 Will censure it. My Word I give, as the
 Only Pledge I here can give, that I am
 Now determin'd, to speak of nothing, nor
 Treat of other Matter, than what I do
 In Mercy, *handle, taste, and feel*, of the
 Great Word of Life. I own it *Foolishness*,
 If that be thy Objection: But if thou
 Read *impartially*, on cooler Thought, thou
 Wilt perceive, 'tis the Foolishness of God,
 The Mystery of the Cross, far wiser
 Than the wisest Man. Suspicion here creeps
 In, that thy own Wisdom's Folly, whilst Proof
 Insensibly will steal upon thee, that
 God is only wise. Enthusiasm say'st
 Thou? is it unreasonable? What Proof? I
 Cannot comprehend: Is *that* sufficient
 Proof? must all Men's Reason but keep Pace with
Thine? with *thine* confin'd, and limited, dark,
 Slumb'ring, fetter'd, grovelling in the Dust? Is
Thine the Standard, Balance, and eternal
 Rule, to try the Orthodoxy, Weight and
 Justness, of all other's Thoughts, and Reason
 By? Vain Man! blush at thy Vanity, thy
 Pride, and at thy own Unreasonableness.
 As *Nimrod*, still thy Head would'st lift, above
 Thy Fellows? Aspiring still to be a
 God, thou pluck'st forbidden Fruit. Yea such thou
Art,

Art, in thine own Sentiment, who rashly
 Wilt condemn as *Heresy*, and judge as
Foolishness, what thou approv'st not of: And
 That because not by thee comprehended.

Read then with candid Love and Christian
 Mind

And generous Principle, such as at
 The first you had when *Jesus* gain'd your Heart:
 'Fore 'twas spoil'd, and bigoted with doubtful
 Terms of Orthodoxy, Traditions, Schemes,
 Doctrines and Forms of Man, pernicious and
 Detested Wisdom of the present Age.
 In *this* baptiz'd, immediately the Lamb
 A roaring Lion does commence: And the
 (Once) charitable Christian, proves a fierce
 And fiery Bigot. Such not the Mind of
Christ, nor of the Christian Man, who lives with
Him: With *him* content and satisfied, as
 With the better Part. Such fly the Wrath, and
 Bitterness, Pride, Envy, Malice, Revenge,
 And want of Charity, conceiv'd in Hell;
 The Brat of Antichrist, and Darling of the
 Bigot: Carefully nurs'd; by Precept
 And Example recommended, under
 The Name of Christian Zeal for Holiness
 And Truth. *How* can it be, that out of Zeal
 For Holiness, Man should hate his Brother?
Where is the Proof of greater Holiness
 In him? or *where*, when in Defence of Truth
 Against the Heretic, (by him so named)
 He breathes Revenge and Slaughter, heaps on
 him Slander,

Slander, Calumny, Reproach, reveals all
 His Infirmities, though to the wounding,
 And Dishonour of a Saviour's Name : And
 Then insinuates, that this is Proof
 Of his being False and heterodox ?
 But if *this* envious Argument is true,
 Then proves it false the Person who propos'd
 It. Since each judicious Eye can see *it*
 Stated in the Loss of Truth, Reproach of
Christ, and Forfeiture of his Religion.
 Whilst all *its* nervous Force consists in base
 Deceit and Treachery ; in Treatment to
 His Neighbour shewn, which he would not again,
 With Willingness, receive from him. Murd'rous,
 Atheistick Practice, and Wickedness
 Most manifest. Lord, what is Man ? Yea what
 Are Christian Men, so call'd ; when the most
Pious, and *greatest* Advocates for Truth and
 Holiness, are so deceitful, and so
 Spiritually wicked ? O my God, didst
 Thou vouchsafe no greater Proof, of the deep
 Divinity and Truth of thy most pure
 And holy Gospel, than what is gather'd
 From the *best* of all that call upon thy
 Name, from their Conformity to *Thee*, I
 Sure should hate the Christian Name and
 straightway
 Be an Atheist. But that I am not such,
 Thou know'st. And would by thy Direction make
 Confession of my Faith in thee, my God.



B O O K II.

*Of the Humiliation of CHRIST, in his Birth, Life,
Poverty, &c. And of Faith in him.*

HIGH on the holy Mount, is kept the grand,
The general Assembly of the First-
Born Church ; where all the scattered Members of
Zion militant, with every perfect
Unimbodied Spirit, Member of Church
Triumphant, meet together ; to bless the
God incarnate, keep Holiday, and taste
The precious Sabbath : Where all together
Make but one dear Body of all the blest
And holy Brotherhood ; the deep, divine
Original is *Mary's* sacred Child,
In *Bethl'em* born. There find we all the Curse
Of our Nativity remov'd ; *then* learn
We Thankfulness, and not 'till *then*, for our
Creation, Being, Birth, Distinction from the
Brute, thro' Sense and Immortality.

Deep Mystery of God incarnate, the
Everlasting Father, Creator, God
Almighty, a helpless Infant born ! Of
Woman's Seed and Substance, took he my whole
Humanity, my Nature fallen ; and
Thus espous'd me to the Fulness of his

C

Godhead :

Godhead : The Virgin's Womb mysteriously
 The Bridal-Chamber. Confess'd as God, by
 Her who bare him in her Womb, when her Soul
 Rejoic'd in God her Saviour, and Spirit
 Magnified the Lord. Worship'd his Name by
 The young Baptist, when in Mother's Belly ;
 He heard the joyful Tidings of holy
 Incarnation : Tho' incapable of
 Reasoning, he leap'd and strangely bounded : As
 Tho' o'ercome with Joy, he Adoration
 Pay'd to him, his Lord, and God, and Bridegroom,
 Whose Harbinger he was. With like Surprise,
 Wonder, and Joy unspeakable, I see
 Him born, Ancient of Days, and Father of
 Eternities, a helpless Child. The God,
 Whose Presence fills infinite Space, upon
 His Creature's Knee. Nourish'd by her, whom his
 Own Hands had made, and powerful Word had
 Spoken into Being ; nor could she for
 A Moment's Space exist, without the *Power*
 And *Godhead* of that Child, she in her Arms
 Bare. *He*, her Creator, and as sinful
 Woman, bless'd and sav'd by *him*. Great Son of
Mary, hail ! born to universal Reign
 And Monarchy. Ambassadors attend
 From every World, to pay thee rightful
 Homage in thy humbled State. From *Heaven*
 The Angels come to own thy Government
 And Right to wear the Crown. From *Heathen*
 Lands
 And Earth's remotest Bounds, the Princes come
 To worship thee, great Monarch ! To render
 Tribute

Tribute, due from them as Subjects. Wise Men
 They were, no Man that's truly wise, but what
 Will bow to thee. For thine own *faithful Friends*,
 On whom is nam'd thy Name, *Simeon* of old,
 And *Anna*, welcom'd Thee : In all their Names,
 With Gladness, Joy, an unknown Extasy.
 Most *backward* was the Prince of *Hell* to own
 Thy kingly Power, the Grandeur of thy Reign :
 At length, compell'd to own thee, not only
Equal, but his great *Superior* ; and that
 Before thy greatest Enemies : Now crushed
 By thy Almighty Arm, he sinks, despairs,
 And fawns, tho' once the brightest, most radiant,
 Of the Morning Stars : When he refus'd to
 Worship thee, was curs'd, degraded, cast from
 Worlds of Light, and now petitions for a
 Lodging in a Herd of Swine. And, lastly,
 I, as out of due Time born, exceeding
 Late, but not too late, am come to own thy
 Godhead in thy Birth : Thy Majesty, great
 King of Kings, thy Right to reign and govern
 This poor Heart of mine, ever, ever thine.
 Amaz'd, I view, with infinite Delight,
 The infant God. With *me* the Angels gaze,
 As having not so seen their God before :
 Glories ineffable, Brightness divine,
 Insufferable, 'till now had been his first
 And upper Garment ; they daring not to
 Look on him, as *thus* array'd, trembling wrap'd
 Their Faces in their Wings, and loudly in
 The highest, with Voice-like Thunder-claps, yet
 With tremendous Rev'rence, sung for-ever,
Holy,

Holy, holy, holy ; but now they gaze
 Their fill ; prompted, by long Desire, to look
 Into the Mystery ; tho' curious in
 Their Search, intense, and diligent, they fail
 To found the Depth of Incarnation. I
 Found them in Amazement when I came : All
 Heaven deep in Study, puzzled afresh
 Each Moment at deeper Wonders rising
 To their View : Them drowning in eternal
 Depths of Infinity. High Seraphims,
 And knowing Cherubims, Dominions, Thrones,
 Angels, Archangels, Principalities
 And Powers, all stood as lost in deepest
 Thought : As when a curious Searcher fain would
 Learn Impossibilities. Their Eyes as
 Fix'd, their Faces Seats of Wonder, Centre
 Of all the Powers, of Worship, Joy, Delight,
 And Love, pointed me out the new-born God.
 With them I gaz'd, nor was it long before
 The Morning-Star arose, and Light dawn'd in
 My Soul ; my God I knew in Form of an
 Infant ; I bow'd the Knee ; with me they
 Bow'd ; I cry'd, my Lord, my God, Creator,
 And Preserver ; they join'd with me : I saw
 My Nature born anew, of that which once
 Was marr'd, a nobler Vessel made. Said I,
 He wears *my* Flesh, my Maker is *my* Friend,
My Husband ; at this, they stood amaz'd ; I
 Added, *I'm* a Son, Member, and therefore
 One with him, that holy Thing, born of a
 Woman, call'd the Son of God. *Jehovah*
 In very Deed, comes down to dwell with *me*,
 Incarnate,

When mighty Angels, in Rebellion, thought
To shake his Throne : Till drove like tim'rous
Deer,

By him, to endless Deeps, and there reserv'd
For future and eternal Judgment : Those
Hands are now a feeble Infant's : Whose Grasp
Is soft, unsteady, and unable to
Defend, or to relieve himself. Those *Eyes*
Like burning Flames, or dreadful Fires, swifter
Than Lightning, or the swiftest Comets, shoot
Terrible through Space infinite : Those *Eyes*
Omniscient, from which there is no Hiding-
Place, seeing all Eternities at once,
Are *now*, in infant Slumber clos'd : when lull'd
To Rest. Where is the Scribe, the Man who
dreams

He's wise ? Where the Disputer ? Can he by
All his Wisdom, fathom this great Depth, this
Mystery unfathomable ? *who* dare
Bow to the new Born Infant, and yet not
Fear Idolatry ? confess him, as the
Highest, God Almighty, without any
Dread of Blasphemy : Commit their Life, and
Soul, into his Hands : Nor doubt his Power to
Save, even to the uttermost ? *This* Man
By Wisdom natural directed, dare
Not do : Reasons how can it be, starts back,
And shudders at the Thought. Thus thought I
once,

But now 'tis not *my* Case. I worship from
My Heart the holy Child, no other God
I know ; what in him stumbles human Wit,
And

And Wisdom, and hinders Adoration
 To be pay'd, is Proof most pregnant to my
 Heart, that *he*, the Child at *Bethl'em* born, is
 The eternal God. Young *Bethlemite*, I thee
 Adore, thy *Birth*, hath healed *mine* of all
 Its Curse and Malady, into a State
 That's *new* I enter now; where Joy and Truth,
 And Plenty reigns; *where*, as the Prince of Peace,
 I am thy blest and happy Subject, *here*
 With Delight, I'll ever learn thy great Love.

Blest are mine *Eyes*, for now they *see*; mine *Ears*,
 For now they *bear* the Gospel day, the Year
 Of Jubilee; the Glory, Light, and Love,
 For which the Prophets long in Darkness grop'd,
 When unto them it was reveal'd, that they
 Should minister, not to themselves, (the Depth
 Of this great Mystery) but *me* favour'd
 With finding God in Fashion as a Man.
 Nor Flesh, nor Blood, the Revelation gave,
 Of this, the Ground-work, deep Foundation of
 All *my* Joy and Peace. Did God become a
 Man? *he did*: My Spirit echoes back a
 Man, a poor, despised, friendless, labouring
 Man: Poor, his *Birth*, his *Life*, and *Death* de-
 clares,

And yet, his *Ministers*, his *Gospel*, and
 His *Cause*, not deck'd with ornamental Gold,
 Nor Favour of the World: His Kingdom is
 Not of the same; therefore despis'd by all,
 High, and Low, by the Ignorant, and the Wise,
 By all the Fulness of the carnal Mind,

By

By *Hell*, and seemingly by *Heaven*, to
Mortals judging according to the *Flesh*.

Friendless, amongst the Thousands of his
Friends,

Most so, in his own House ; where *all* lay in
Their Claim, as faithful Friends to him : And
more,

A *Labourer* was he ; I saw him in
The morning Light go forth, with Implements
Of Toil, careful, in Honesty to earn
With sweating Brow his Bread : I saw, and well
I mark'd his Fingers cramp'd, and bended back,
Hewing the knotty Oak ; how earnest in
His Work, laborious Blows, and Streams of Sweat
Declare. When not a little wearied, through
The human Nature's Vigour spent, that he
No more the Axe could lift, I follow'd to
A private, lonely Shade, where he to gain
His Breath, so well nigh spent, to gather fresh
Contraction to his slacken'd Nerves, the Ferment
In his boiling Veins to cool, had now in
Weariness retir'd : *There* in a Corner
I beheld him stand, or kneel, or prostrate
On the Earth along ; with Eyes, or Hands, or
Heart uplifted, *thus* the Virgin's Son, the
Lab'ring Man he prayed : Nor *did*, nor *could* he
Then forget the Sinner me, but spake a
Word, or more, on my Behalf ; seal'd with a
Lover's Sigh, as when the Heart-strings break :

For

Me, then heard, now heard to all the endless
Ages

Ages of Eternity the same. O
 Lovely Bridegroom ! my dear prevailing Lamb !
 'Twas once a Curse to be a Labourer,
 When then pronounc'd as Wages, in part, for
Adam's first Transgression ; but now no more,
 Since thou wast made a perfect Curse for me.

The Sun declining, leaves the Horizon,
 Whilst Darkness interposes, and bids the
 Lab'rer cease from Toil, and Rest : Fatigu'd and
 Weary'd, stagg'ring Home he comes. I follow'd
 Close, in Admiration lost, whilst pregnant
 Was my Soul with awful Wonder, fervent
 Love, and rapt'rous Extasy. Hungry and
 Thirsty, he blest his Food, his Drink, and fed
 With Appetite. After a Deed of Gift
 Of *him* and *his*, unto his Father and
 His God, with Thanks return'd for Favours of
 The Day receiv'd, he laid him down to rest :
 How sweet the Sleep, how calm the Slumber of
 The Industrious Man ! *Such* was my *Lord* and
God, and *such* his peaceful Slumber. Did I
 Call him *Lord* and *God* ? That *Man* so *poor*, so
Spent with *Labour*, so *griev'd*, so *try'd*, and *deep*
 In Sorrow ! *Despis'd*, *unmark'd*, number'd with
Adam's Sons ! Yea, still my *Lord*, my *God* ! This
 Not the Product of some fantastic Brain,
 Nor the wild Transport of a sanguine Mind ;
 But *Faith* deliberate, sufficient Proof ;
 Which, after calmest Consideration, and
 Coolest Reasoning, leaves my Mind so fully
 Certify'd, and positively sure, as

Of my own Existence : That *he*, that *Man*,
The *Galilean*, is my Lord and God !

Fertile this Faith producing every Hour
Fresh Transport, flowing Streams of solemn Joy,
Gladness in the Heart ; whilst high, triumphant
Sounds of sacred Praise flow from my Soul, my
Tongue ; and all my Pow'rs conspire to love, and
Evermore acknowledge, in that dear *Man*
So wounded, my *Lord* ! my *God* ! my *Chief* ! my
Head ! my *Husband* ! *Shepherd* ! *Lover* ! *Friend* and
All that's dear to me ! A *Worm*, but yet belov'd.

Blest, growing Youth ! in Spirit subject to
Parents, who thy own Creatures were. Dear Man
Of Sorrows ! with Grief acquainted, deeply
Immers'd in Woe : *David's* great *Lord* and *Son* !
Professing Poverty, and feeling it
In all its Depth, and ev'ry Circumstance
Distracting, or that in such a State might
Be the Rise of anxious Care and Sorrow.
Hungry, *thirsty*, *weary*, toiling for thy
Bread : Deny'd what *Birds* and *Beasts* were favour'd
With, a Place of Rest and Shelter, from thine
Own Voice, in Thunder Storms, blasting Light-
nings,
Flooding Rains, the fiercer Whirl-wind, Scorch-
ings
Of the meridian Sun, and chilling Dews
Of Night ! So *poor* wast thou, that, of all the
Globe terrestrial, Produce of thy powerful
Word, in Wisdom parcel'd out to Man, tho'
To the last Degree ungrateful, one *Foot*

Of

Of all was not by thee reserv'd, to rest
Thy own afflicted, weary Head upon.

Hail, despis'd Carpenter ! the hated
Nazareen : Judg'd so mean, contemptible
A Worm, as not to merit the Regard,
Nor once deserve the Notice of *Israel's*
Master-Builders ; no Form alluring, nor
Comeliness attracting, in thee can they
Behold : Too *mean* for Mammon's Worshippers ;
Disdain'd by Rabbies as *illiterate* :
Whilst by the Men, who high Pretensions make
To Wisdom's Ways, Thou art judg'd the Child of
Ignorance, Phrenzy, Madness, and grossest
Foolishness, the Friend of Publicans and
Sinners ; so thought, and thus upbraided ; but
Truly prov'd in Holiness the *same*, by
All who feel Redemption in thy Blood. *Once*
Number'd with Transgressors, *now* the *same* ; since
Who so in thy Name, and Gospel of thy
Wounds, can work a Miracle, shall *still* be
Branded with diabolic Characters ;
Whilst their Infirmities, and ev'ry Slip
Shall be remember'd, and fully charg'd in
Blackest and most aggravating Light, and
Circumstances on them ; which ever had
Forgotten been, had they been false to thee.

Forerunner ! Pilgrim ! in unknown Sorrow
Plung'd, in Spirit pregnant, with Horror, Pain,
Strange Torture, deep Amazement, Agony,
And undissembled Woe. Grape, fully ripe,
In

In Wine-press trod, by greatest Fierceness of
 Almighty Wrath, whilst River-streams fill up
 The Fountain, inexhaustible, with Wine,
 The richest, to quench the Thirst, and cheer, with
 Infinite and ever new Delight, the
 Innumerable Millions, with a full
 Fruition blest in the Kingdom of the
 Father. Hail, friendless *Man*! by *one* betray'd,
 Of *all* forsaken; offended at the
 Scandal of thy Sorrow, Dejection, Blood,
 And Pain: Dragg'd like a Russian old in Guilt,
 Harden'd in Murders, stain'd with Princes Blood;
 Who, having quench'd each Spark of Virtue, true
 Humanity, from Fellowship of Men
 Retires to some dreary Wilderness, where,
 In a horrid Cave, he makes his Den, and,
 Like a cursed Pest, breathes nought but brutal,
 Diabolic Fogs, poisoning a ruin'd
 Land; 'till the whole Nation, as one Man, arm'd
 With Swords and Staves, arise to seek the foul,
 The horrid Monster, with utmost Rage and
 Resolution to spill his Blood, and crush
 His hated Life, lest, with his cursed Breath,
 He lay the Nation waste: *Just so* they thought,
 And thus they *treated* the dear *Man* I love.
True Emblem of my *State* by him assum'd,
 When *He* became a hated Curse for *me*.

Hail *Galilean*! patient in Troubles,
 Robb'd of thy comely Beard, the pious Mark
 Of Fatherhood and Gravity: Marr'd more
 Thy sacred Face than any Man's; bruis'd, swol'n,
 Bloody, by Hands of Sinners buffeted

And

And mangled; whilst, blindfold, they thy Godhead
 Mock, as tho' thou knewest not who smote thee;
 Deriding thee in ev'ry *Office*, *Name*,
 And sacred *Character*, wherein thou art
 For-ever lovely to thy *Bride*. Under
 Thy Shadow, with Delight unspeakable,
 Pleas'd with the Sweetness of thy Fruit, I sit
 And sing, O thou bleeding Vine! whose Father
 Was the Husbandman: Careful Lover of
 The Branches; nor sparing Pains, nor Cost, to
 Purge away each Matter, which, superfluous
 Hinder'd their Prosperity. In Hope and
 Expectation, which none could frustrate, He
 Sow'd the precious Seed in many long and
 Bloody Furrows; when Ploughers plough'd thy pure
 And holy Flesh (as fallow Ground manur'd
 And dress'd) with Whips and Scourges, and other
 Devices manifold, by Earth and Hell
 Invented; who, in this Work, were Slaves to
 Pow'r omnipotent, that the Root of all
 The holy Seed might be deep in thy blest
 Wounds, water'd with many a Shower of *Blood*,
 And *Sweat*, and *Tears*, until so firmly fix'd
 And rooted, that neither Drought, nor blust'ring
 Winds, nor scorching Sun, could spoil their
Growth, nor

Marr their *Fruitfulness*. Blest Inclosure, well
 Secur'd, where ev'ry Grain that's *sown* shall
Rise; whilst the deep Valley of thy bloody
 Death, fill'd with a glorious Crop, shall sing for
 Joy, and bring its plenteous Harvest to the
 Eternal Garner. *This* to secure, Thou

Art

Art content to be *insulted*, crown'd with
 A thorny Crown, in Purple dress'd; as an
 Ambitious Man, whose Want of Right to reign,
 Ignorance, Poverty, and Qualities
 Far viler, render him *mean*, justly the
 Hatred, Scorn, Derision, Sport of ev'ry
 Man, when drunken with Ambition, he aims
 At Crown and Sceptre, claiming Government.
 More yet unlike a King, when, leading to
 Thy Throne, thou faint'st with Loss of Blood,
 beneath

The Burden of a curst Tree : The King
 Of *Heaven* faints ! and, as a *Mortal*, sinks
 When overburden'd, feebly to the Ground !

High in the Kingdom of thy *Cross*, enthron'd
 Upon the Top of groaning *Calvary*,
 The Annals of Eternity record
 The great, uncommon Day, when Judgment was
 From *Thee* remov'd, and Humiliation
 Deeply graven on *thy* bleeding Brow. *Thy*
 Face so marr'd, unknown to Men or Angels
Then, none durst declare *thy* Generation,
 Or once conceive or think of *thy* Godhead
 And Eternity : Thy Friends belov'd, and
 Loving thee, were not excepted, since they
 Were stagger'd at thy shameful Death ; reasoning,
 A *Man*, a mortal *Man*, with *Wounds* and *Blood*,
 And *Sweat*, and *Bruises*, *Shame* and *Spittle*, in
 Cruel Ignominy cover'd. But thy
 Great Father, none thy Godhead knew in *this*
 Thy Depth of Misery ; and *such*, to whom

He

He *did*, and *will*, in Love reveal thee : As
 Then unto a *Thief*, in Jaws of Death, and
Others since, and at length to *me*, a poor
 Unworthy *Worm*. With inward Joy, and with
 A deeply broken Heart once stung by Sin,
 The fiery Serpent, I *look*, and clearly
 View thee made a shameful Curse, naked in
 Blood, between the Heavens and the Earth, as
 Fit for neither : Angels with Wonder gaze,
 Pry deep, and, as with great Impatience
 Wait the *End* and *Event* of this profound,
 Inexplicable, *deep* and *bloody* Hour.

Not so the Sons of Darkness, and of Earth ;
 From whom all Compassion was withdrawn, and
 Pity fled away : Each Head in Mock'ry
 Wags ; each Tongue reviles and taunts, whilst
 not a

Publick Tear is dropt for *him*, nor dare one
 Say *he's* innocent. Mean-while he *sighs*, and
Weeps, and *groans*, and *bleeds* from ev'ry Wound,
 and

Cries with bitter Cry, *My God ! my God !* Whilst
 Thrilling Horror searches ev'ry Thought and
 Deep Recess, with each Reflection of his
 Burden'd Soul. Thro' ev'ry gaping *Wound*, and
 Bruised *Part*, Mortality creeps in : The
 Pangs of Death come on, his Heart-strings break.

He

Cries again, '*Tis finish'd* : Glorious Sound ; then
 Voluntary bows his *Head* and *dies*. Now
 Universal Nature sighs ! Convuls'd, it

Groans

Groans in dreadful Pangs, threat'ning Rebel Man
With Diffolution and a general Wreck.

Creation mourns ! *The Sun* in Darknefs cloath'd,
Makes general Proclamation that *Light*, first
Of the Creatures, refusing now to fill
Its Orb, had taken Flight, mysterious and
Supernatural ! back to its Fountain,
Where it was gather'd, ere the Sun was made,
Or yet the Moon, or Stars ; as dreading to
Expose in Blood, and shameful Form, Him
Who its Fountain and Supply eternal
Was. *Rends*, of its own Accord, the Temple
Vail, so long a Type of Incarnation,
Surrounding in Concealment, Mysteries
Sacred, hidden Glories from ev'ry Eye :
Entrance deny'd to all, but the *High Priest*
Excepted, ordain'd to offer Sacrifice,
And *he* with Blood to enter : But now the
Price is paid ; it points to *all* the living
Way, open to deepest Holiness, and
Bids with *Boldness* to approach to God through
His own mangled Flesh. Trembles the Earth, and
Quakes as tho' Annihilation, Loss of
Form and Matter was at Hand ; and the old
Reign of Chaos would again commence : *Such*
Was its Fright at the Creator's Death ; whilst
Drinking up his Blood, strong Physick, working
Infinite, mov'd and convuls'd its Bowels :
It staggers, reels, and, with uncommon Pain,
Casts forth the Curse once swallow'd : *Thus*
purg'd, it

Now

Now becomes *new* Earth to all the royal
Seed : presenting them with a *new* State of
Things. With horrid Cracks and Crashings
bursts the

Rocks ; whether the Marble, Adamant, or
Flint, when smitten was the Rock of Ages
On which *Jehovah* stood : Thus broken by
His Pain, howe'er impenetrable, strong,
Baffles the Labour, Strength, and Skill of Man.
Just so the stony Heart, that Adamant,
Baffling the Labour, Skill, Desire of Man,
Refusing to receive the least Impress
Of Good, by any Means he can devise,
Or Implements prepar'd by him : But *breaks*,
Dissolves, becomes a springing Well, where e'er
His bloody Death in Spirit's Power comes.

All hail, thou wounded, pale, bleeding,
bruise'd and

Breathless Corps : In thee the Sign of the Son
Of Man appears, where Blood and Water flow'd
From *thy* pierc'd Heart ! Was ever Love like *thine* ?
Tho' once asham'd to own, I now believe,
And now confess with all my Heart ; whilst not
A Doubt remains, thou art my *Lord*, my *God*,
The Father of Eternity : To *Thee*
I bow, and *Thee* I worship, only *Thee*,
Since all the Fulness of the Godhead dwells
Bodily in *Thee*. O Love, Delight, and
Joy unfathom'd ! now I'm convinc'd, I *taste*,
I *feel* that God is Love. Thy *Birth*, thy *Griefs*,
Thy *Poverty*, thy *Scandal*, *Scorn*, *Contempt*,
Accursed *Death*, and shameful bloody *Toil*,

E

Arising

Arising to my *View*, proclaims the *God*
 Of Love ; with Power *irresistible*,
 Conquer'd my Heart, seiz'd all my Soul
 With *Wonder*, *Peace*, triumphant *Love*, more than
 What *Angels* know I *feel*. The mighty Work
 Is *done*, I'm *lov'd*, and Sin's *forgiven* : Quite
 Blotted out, *destroy'd* and *drown'd*, for-ever
Drown'd, in the devouring *Ocean* of my
 Saviour's *Blood*. Nor want I other Proof, or
 Evidence of Love, the unchanging Love
 Of *God* to *me*, but what's on *Calv'ry's* Mount
 Exhibited ; where open to my *View*, in
 Likeness of a hated Mortal, sinful,
 Dying Man, hangs *Alpha* and *Omega* ; He
 Whose *Name* and *Nature* only, comprehends
 Eternity. Each pearly Tear, each Drop
 Of Sweat, and falling Clod of Blood, pregnant
 With Godhead's Fulness, I behold : Whilst each
 Tormenting *Pain*, deep *Sigh*, Heart *Groan*, loud
Call,

And bitter *Cry*, preaches Divinity
 In Blood to me : And bursts the Fountain of
 The mighty Deep, where the eternal Springs
 And boundless *Ocean* ; the Love of *God* to
 Man lay secreted, conceal'd, and in great
 Measure hid from Man, *tho'* thus *lov'd*, till
Now : When *second* Deluge flows, not such as
 At the first, that *Water* only, this *Blood*
 And *Water* both a richer Flood compos'd.
 That Evidence of *Wrath*, this of the *Love*
 Of *God* unto a sinful World, that of
Destruction, this *Life eternal* to all

On whom it flows ; caught in this Deluge, I
 Am not destroy'd, but feel the Springs of Life;
 And tho' a Sinner, most unworthy of
 All the Sons that fell, I feel this Flood's my
 Element, I'm *blest*, I'm *happy*, whilst *here*
 I nothing want, I *drink*, I *plunge*, I *wash*,
 And *swim* with Pleasure infinite, and Joys
 Unknown, *home* to the sacred Harbour which
Jesus has prepar'd : And where my Soul with
 Spirits, now in perfect Rest, would triumph.

From all thy humbled Steps, incarnate Love,
 I learn true Contentment : And that in State
 Of every Kind, whilst passing this dreary
 Wilderness. When sunk in deepest Wants and
 Poverty, in *Mind*, or in *Estate*, I
 Track thee there ; beyond me still. When *bated*,
Friendless, and *despis'd*, thy Footsteps still I
 See. When *slander'd* and *reproach'd*, I find thou
 Hast been *there*, thy Marks are left behind. When
Weary, *hungry*, *thirsty*, *sick*, *afflicted*,
Griev'd, I've still sufficient Proof *thou* hast been
 Try'd with *all*. When *tempted* there I see thee
 In every Point like me. When I converse
 With *Death*, and truly weigh each Circumstance,
 Gloomy and dreadful to a carnal Mind,
 I see thee *there*, in all its deepest *Pangs*.
 Lest a reluctant Thought should grudge the Sight,
 Ghastly, I view thee *there*, in Grave-cloaths, pale
 And lifeless, stretch'd in the Sepulchre. Hail !
 Fountain of all Blessedness, with *thee*, I
 Welcome every State, sweet Poverty, no

More

More a Bugbear to affright my Heart, since
God, my *God*, has poorer been than I: And
 Has hereby, unto the Bottom, sapp'd that
 State, yea ev'ry State, of all the Curse that
 Was therein, for *me*, and *other* Sinners
 Lost, when they shall feel him *theirs*. Hail
 glorious

Slander, Lack of Friends, and Scorn, Contempt,
 and

Hatred, Envy, Hunger, Thirst, and Sicknefs,
 With every Change and Chance of mortal Life;
 And lastly *Death*; no more you me affright,
 Since *He*, who waded through the Depth of all,
 And still bears me Company through all, that
Man, so deep experienc'd, is over all
 Blessed for-ever; *God*, my *God*: Nor shall
 I ever suffer Loss, for *God* is Love.

Dear wounded Body, where my Name, as in
 A holy *Register*, is kept secure;
 Where the true Leaven of my Nature is,
 That dear Body, leavens the whole Lump; which
 Makes me Temple Shewbread, holy before
 The Lord. 'Tis *there* his Heaven is fully
 Reconcil'd to my benighted Earth, fix'd
There, the Sun of Righteousness shines in its
 High Meridian, in all its glorious,
 Deep, divine, illustrious Rays, in the
 Apparent *Horizon* of his dear
 Mangled *Body*: 'Tis *here* the brighter lov'd,
 And long'd for Day-spring from on high, makes us
 The friendly Visit. Deep Counsels, awful
 Thoughts,

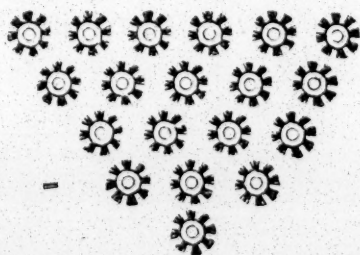
Thoughts, Wisdom profound, when the amazing
 Plan was laid, where I am rais'd, espous'd, and
 Now become one Flesh with God the Word. No
 More Hostility, nor Sounds of War, nor
 Strive I longer my vast Debts to pay, or
 Prison Doors to burst. Consent I now, with
 Full Content, his Blood shall pay my Debt, and
 He shall save the Sinner me. Conquer'd, and
 Delug'd, drown'd in Love, I *faint*, I *yield*, I
Bow, become the blest and happy Spoil of
 His tormenting Smart. Thus having gain'd the
 Bloody Field, and trod the Wine-Press, painful,
 All alone ; he puts his Victories on : I
 Am the Trophy of his Might, the Robe so
 Stain'd in Blood, the Cloathing of the eternal
 Word, substantially array'd in Flesh and
 Blood, and Bone : In Love he put me on a
 Royal Vesture, the adorning of the
 Princely Lamb, uncloath'd he will be never :
Once dead, and hanging naked in his Blood,
 Eternally suffices, and gives him
 Full Commission to wear the Robe so earn'd,
 As the Travel of his Soul. I feel my
 Membership in his illustrious Body,
 Even of the holy Flesh, and Blood, and Bone,
 In *him* conceal'd, 'till from the bleeding Side
 Of that dear second *Adam*, when sleeping,
 Was the lovely *Zion* taken, true Woman,
 Blest *Jerusalem*, that's from above, the
 Mother of us all. Deep, searchless Union,
 Between Almightyness and Man, Womb of
 The Morning, of eternal Day, there the
 Offspring

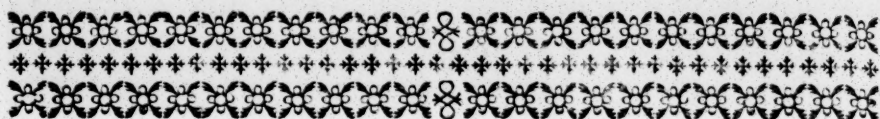
Offspring of Light begotten were, born not
Of Blood, paternal, nor of the Will of Flesh,
Nor Man, but of the Will and Love of God.

From this divine Conjunction of the blest
And sacred Twain, the one new Man doth spring :
Of whom I am. Great *Salem*, with our high
And holy Temple's there, the general
Rendezvous of all the blood-bought Throng,
The dear and slaughter'd Body of the Prince
Of Life : This Temple always open stands,
Where ev'ry Comer may Admittance find,
To touch the Sceptre, and bask in Smiles of
God. Hail favourite Seed, how often meet
We there, amaz'd ! we gaze, and walk, and talk,
And jointly witness we, how high, how deep,
Our Converse then : To this Society,
Our grand sublimer Conversation,
Wise Angels listen, Saints releas'd, are all
Attention : Whilst from the Lips, and Spirits,
Breath of us poor creeping Worms, the Wisdom
Manifold they learn of our great Lamb, and
God : We praise his Name with Voice united.
There's the smooth Ocean of my Peace, *Calm*, and
Serene, whilst not a blust'ring Wind, nor yet
A curling Wave, rising, disturbs the wide
And pleasing Surface. Here's my delightful
Element, this Ocean Peace is mine, yea
All the Fulness of that Peace, which always
Does subsist between my Nature, and his
Own Divinity : Thus making *one* of
Both, is he become my Peace ; in *him* is

All

All my *Life*, my *Strength*, my *Joy*, my *Pleasure*,
 And my *Purity*, essentially in
 That dear *Man* ; who, taken into *God*, the
 Judge of all, preserves me, Soul and Body,
 In his own dear Blood and Flesh, unto Life
 Eternal. His Body salts my Nature,
 Preserves me without Stench, and always gives
 Each mystic Member, a delightful, sweet,
 Endearing Flavour, in the divine, deep
 Scented Nostrils of the eternal Mind.





B O O K III.

Of the Resurrection of CHRIST, and of the Believer's Exaltation with him, and of his Life, Safety, and Rejoicing in him.

HAIL, risen Saviour, Conqueror divine,
 Of Death, the Grave, and Hell, and him
 that had
 The Pow'r of Death, Satan, Prince of Darknes.
Thy Resurrection, full Acquittance; Proof
 Indisputable, of *thy* Discharge: In
 Spirit's Power, and strictest Rules, of thine
 Own Justice *justified*: From all thy Bride's
 Infirmary, *her* Guilt and Shame upon
Thee charg'd: Thro' Satisfaction render'd, and
 Righteousness brought in. *My* Debt was *thine*, and
Thy just Discharge is *mine*, *thy* Conquests *mine*,
Thy Righteousness and Purity, in which
 Eternally *thou'*rt perfect, *my* Perfection.
 Member of Flesh and Bone, of the Body
 Of *my* Lord, I feel *I am*: Therefore, in
Him, and *with* him, evermore accepted.
 As *He*, am *I* receiv'd in Glory, the
 Kingdom of the Father, where Truth and Love,
 Unerring Justice, spotless Purity,
 Eternal reigns. Welcom'd by *all* am I,

Nor

Nor can the strictest Scrutiny discern,
In *me*, as found in *Him*, one Wrinkle-Spot,
Defilement, nor the least Imperfection.

Hail, everlasting Love, quick'ned and rais'd
With *Thee*, now enter'd into Rest. *Thy* Work
Is done, *mine* is for ever finish'd: Since *I*,
With *Thee*, at God's right Hand, and on the Throne,
Am now sat down for-ever with *thee* to
Behold *thy* Glory. With *thee* in Triumph
Crown'd. In *thee*, omnipotent, greatly more
Than Conqueror o'er every spiteful Foe:
Their envious Rage I scorn, nor can I fear;
Assur'd in Joy triumphant, *thy* steadfast,
Friendly Hand the Sceptre sways, all Pow'r to
Thee is given, as the Reward of all
Thy bloody Toil and unknown Sorrow; but
More to exercise it on Behalf of
Man: Heaven's Fav'rite, deeply lov'd, that *he*
In his Approach to God, might not at Fire
Consuming, in absolute Perfection,
Be affrighted; such as in Majesty,
Most dreadful and tremendous did appear,
When *Moses*, Man of God, faithful in all
His House, was not exempt from Dread, but most
Exceedingly did fear and quake. *Israel's*
Rebellious Armies felt their Strength exhaust,
The Girdle of their Manhood loose, and awful
Fear and Trembling seize each Pow'r of Body,
And of Mind: With all the Potency of
Pray'r, most humbly they entreat, that
They no more might hear the Words, so hard to

Be endur'd ; lest the *first* Repetition
 Unman them, marr their Reason, and the *next*
 Annihilate their *Form*, and their *Being*.
 I hear *those* Sounds no *more*, no *more* shall they
 Affright my Heart, *nor* shall the Spirit of
 Fear, gend'ring to Bondage, reign over me
 Again : Since I, on *Zion's* Mount, can hear
 The Voice of *Blood*, behold the wounded
Form, and worship *him* in Spirit's Light and
 Pow'r, in Fashion as a *Man* : As *such*, he
 Now reveals himself to *Man*, to *me* ; where,
 As a *Husband*, *Brother*, *Friend*, (sacred *these*
 Characters, and not by him disdain'd) *he*
 Deals with *me*, in all the Fulness of his
 Pity, Love and Tendernefs. *He* weeps with *me*,
 With *me* he *sighs*, whilst his dear friendly Heart
 Beats *Throb* for *Throb* with *mine*. With infinite
 Delight he loves, rejoicing over me
 With Singing : My Heart the Joy before him
 Set, when he the Shame despised, and *Curse* and
Cross endur'd. This *Man* so near related,
 So tender, pitiful and kind to me,
 Is *God* ; whose *Name* and *Nature's* Love in all
 His Ways with me. Thus wanting neither *Will*,
 Nor *Pow'r* to *make* and *keep* me blest, I shall
 Not be unhappy ; God is only Love.

Hail, thou dear, exalted, highly, glorious
 Man : In *thee*, now rais'd, infinitely and
 Inconceivably beyond what in my
 First Creation I was made : *Then* lower
 Than the lowest of all the Angel-hosts

And

And Orders, but *now* above them ; since *he*,
 Who pass'd angelic Nature by, disdain'd
 Not *Abraham's* Seed, but took *me* on him ; was
 Born in *me* an Infant, and in *me* liv'd,
 And died, and rose again, and wears *me* to
 Eternity : Whilst Proclamation *then*
 Was made thro' all Eternities and Space,
 That Angel-tribes, of Orders infinite and
 Various, howe'er distinguish'd, should worship
 The first-begotten Son. Hail Prince of Life,
 Because thou liv'st, I live, dear Man, with *thee* :
 With *thee* my Life is hid in God. My Lord,
Thy Life is my Security and Pledge
 Of endless Bliss : *Thy* Life my Anchor-hold,
 That's now within the Veil, where steadfast Faith,
 And Hope endures ev'ry Storm, nor can the
 Hurricanes of Hell, Earth, or an evil
 Heart, blast *thy* Designs, make Shipwreck of *my*
 Faith, or drown *me* in Despair. *He* lives, *his*
 Conquests, Triumphs, Acceptance, Righteousness,
 Perpetual Purity, unchanging Peace
 And Joy, is *mine*, in all its Fulness. *Thou*
 Liv'st for *me*, I live in *Thee* : Joint Heir, thou
 Giv'st me equal Claim with *Thee*, to all the
 Blessings of *thy* Griefs, *thy* bloody Toil, and
 Shameful Death, *thy* now triumphant Life,
 That perfect Rest, where *Thou* art enter'd : In
Thee I am complete. Vain Man denies the
 Safety of thy Bride, makes void thy *Word*, and
Oath, disputes thy *Life*, and reasons thee to
 Hell with Arguments : Their Wit suggests, in
 Prudence, this the safest Way to guard the
Man

Man possessing *Christ*, against licentious
Thoughts, and Words, and Works. To stop
one Current,

They oppose *another*, and fain would *Sin*
Destroy, by *Sin* more damning : *Far* viler
In the Sight of *God*, tho' not so deem'd by
Man, even Unbelief and Perfidy.

Thy Name, *Immanuel*, points my Safety out ;
God with *me*, and I with *thee*, united
In *thy* Humanity. Whilst thou art *God*
And *Man*, and yet one *Christ*, I shall be safe.
The Union of thy Natures, in *one*, and
Only one unchanging Name and Person,
Eternally preserves me : *That* Union
Is my Life : If *that* cannot dissolve, then
Am I safe : For *that's* the Ground of all my
Faith and Hope, and *that* shall last when *Sun* and
Moon shall fail, e'en as the Days of *Heaven*,
And Date of *God himself* shall this remain.
Now I behold my whole Humanity
Is fav'd, my Spirit's *now* in Bliss, my Flesh
Shall rest in Hope, for ev'ry Atom's fav'd,
Purchas'd, to God united in the Flesh
Of *Jesus* : By *which* Means it shall rise at
The Resurrection of the *Just*, a pure
And glorious *Body*, free from all Pain, and
Each Infirmary. Hail *present* Fountain
Of my Joy, and certain Evidence of
Future Bliss, I bow the Knee to Thee, and
Honour evermore thy *great*, thy *sacred*
Name. *Immortal* Blessings and Renown, my
Dearest

Dearest Lord, await thee! may all my Soul
 Be Love, and all my Pow'rs conspire to thank
 Thee, O my God: Whilst thou wilt not refuse
 To hear my Voice, nor to accept my just,
 Tho' artless Praise. Now I, dear Man, am *thine*,
 Soul, Body, Spirit, all is *thine*, in *thee*
 Redeem'd, in *thee* preserv'd, and call'd. Now, by
 My Heart's Consent, I am *thine*, no more
 Afraid, neither asham'd, to own I am
Thy Spouse, and *thou* my dearest *Bridegroom*.
 Contented with *thee*, with *thee* am fully
 Satisfied, no Sounds of War, nor golden
 Bait, nor Praise of Man, nor Rumour, shall *fright*,
 Nor *tempt* me *thence*. Fix'd in this Point, I feel
 My Heart, to pour Contempt on *all* but my
Jesus crucified: For *this*, let Hatred,
 Scandal, and Rage of Men pursue me, I'll
 Calmly *smile*, and honestly *protest*, if
 In my Flesh, Angelic Purity I
 Had, I'd sacrifice it to his *Blood*, nor
 Would I know my *Soul*: Nor is my Heart
 In this deceiv'd, witness the God of *Truth*,
 Of *Peace*, of *Love*, and *Heaven* within. Hail
 Bridegroom, lovely Bridegroom, thou art and shall
 Be all my Theme, my Song, and my Delight.

My leaping Heart rejoices, exulting
 In thy Name, persuaded, when thou dost in
 Fullest Glory come, to own thy Bride, and
 Consummate her Joys, I shall be *with thee*,
 And *then* be as thou art. With *thee*, my God
 And Lamb, thro' all Eternities I'll soar,

In *Heights* and *Depths* of Fountain-love: And glow
 In *Father*, *Word*, and *Spirit*, one *God*, one
Saviour, unchangeable, eternal and
 Supreme. 'Till *then*, dear Bridegroom, keep
 me near

Thy Heart, immerg'd in Love's eternal Sea.
 Help me to keep high Holiday with thee;
 Now enter'd into Rest. Let the Day of
 Thy Espousals, in full Meridian, for
 Ever shine on me; let *this* the lovely
 Day of the Gladness of my Heart, which thy
 Dear Blood hath purchas'd, eternal be.

O Wisdom, Love, and Power infinite!
 Display'd in Mercy's Beams to *me*; where all
 Thy Attributes, my God, in the *sweetest*
 Harmony, and full Perfection, join to
 Bless my Mind with *Peace*, and endless *Life*, and
 To pronounce me *fair*, without a *Spot*. What
 Wisdom, but thine own, could draw the wond'rous
Plan, or form this well-concerted *Scheme*? What
 Love but *thine*, could stoop to save a *Worm*, an
Enemy, by taking *Likeness* of what
 Thy Soul abhorr'd, and shedding Blood to *Death*
 For such, who were in *Heart* and *Practice*, most
 Opposite to *thee*! What Pow'r but *thine*, my
Lord, my *God*, could from the Mighty take the
Prey, and ransom lawful Captives: *Dying*
 Conquer *Death* and *Hell*, and set the Prisoners
 Free! O Depth amazing! Space infinite!
 Fountain of Wisdom! all thine own: Drowning
 Each finite Thought in the wide Ocean of

Eter-

Eternity. *Thy Will the only Guide,*
And Counsellor, of all thy Purposes
And deep Designs. Thy Love, the great and plain
Expositor of thy eternal Mind.
 That suff'ring *Love, on Calvary's Hill, in*
Blood, and Sweat, and dying Pangs, unfolding
Dark Decrees, and hidden Mysteries ; how
 Thou hast lov'd with everlasting *Love* this
 Soul of *mine*, in all the *Fulness* of that
Love, wherewith thou lov'st that *Man*, who is thy
Fellow. O ! boundless Grace, was ever Love
Like Thine ? Awake my Soul, with all thy Pow'rs,
To consecrate the Name, and sing the Praise,
The endless Praise, of thy great God of Love.

Clear up my Understanding, ope thine Eyes,
 Piercing thro' every Shade, each Gloom dispel,
 and

Gather thy most beautiful *Ideas*, thy
 Scatter'd Thoughts *collect*, and fix them steadfast
 On that *Man*, who dy'd on *Calv'ry's Hill* :
 To know *him crucified* : And thus prepare
 The Way to *Praise*, and *Glory* in his *Name*.
 Consent my Will, more perfectly, each *Day*
 And *Hour*, to bow the *Knee*, become his *Spoil*,
 And sing his Blood : Drowning each base Desire
There, and be no longer *mine*, but *his*. Thou
 Throne of God, my *Conscience*, wash'd, and made
 pure,

Seat of the holy Lamb, *Tribunal* of
 His *Justice*, *Purity*, and *Love*, to me
 All Love, since I have nothing merited,

But

But Hell: But in the Rules of strictest *Truth*,
 And Justice *thine*, since the Atonement's *there* :
 Which purges it from ev'ry *Thought*, and *Work*
 That's dead, and always teaches Answers, that's
 Pleasing to thy Nature : The sacred Praise
 Maintain. *Awake* my Passions, with Freeness
 My Affections, *rouse* and *burn*, with fiercer
Flame, and fiercer *still* ; tow'ring on strongest
 Pinion, to unmeasurable Heights of
 Love, desir'd Love, to that dear *Man* your *Lord*
 And *God*, in Servant's Form : Mount from the
 World,

And break the Creature's Chain, and centre with
 Eternal Praise, in *him*, so worthy your
 Esteem. Let every Sense of mine draw near,
 And join to praise his Name : My *Eyes* for you
 Have seen the Lord, the beauteous *King*, in all
 His bloody Garments. Mine *Ears*, for you have
 Heard that Sound of Blood, than *Abel's* Blood far
 Better, his *Cries*, *Complaints*, and *Groans*, were not
 Unmark'd by *you*, nor when in Love he (hung
 Expiring) preach'd Redemption finish'd : To
 You most joyful Tidings. My *Hands*, for you
 Have handled Incarnation, and felt the
 Word of Life. My *Palate*, thou hast tasted
 Heavenly Manna, Bread of Life thy Food
 Perpetually, I charge *thee* relish nought
 Besides, that *Flesh* and *Blood*, given to *me*,
 Spiritual Sustenance. My *Nostrils*, you
 Have smelt the steaming Sacrifice, reeking
 In Blood, upon the Altar of the Cross.

To-

Together all conspire, to praise the *Lamb*,
And evermore adore my *Lord*, my *God*.

My *Soul* with inward *Heaven* and *Wonder*
Fill'd, my *Body* quickned, animated,
By the Power of Love; my thrilling *Blood*
Soft circulating, through Love's Impress: My
Bone, not unaffected with the powerful
Force: *All* the whole *Man* redeem'd, I summon
All to praise his Name: *Glory*, *Honour*, *Might*,
Majesty, *Power*, and *Dominion*, be,
O my *God*, my *Saviour*, evermore to
Thee ascrib'd. *Zion* favour'd *Bride*, yet in the
Kingdom of the *Cross*, and *Militant* on
Earth, assist my feeble *Praises*. Awake
You *Sons of God*, and *Men*, and praise with me.
And you especially, who, once with me,
Were faithful to unrighteous *Mammon*, just
And unwearied in our *Service*, to our
Lusts, and to the *Prince of Darkness*. But now
Redeem'd and *wash'd*, and having much forgiv'n,
You cannot chuse but join with me to love,
And praise the *Saviour* much. And you who are
Call'd the better Sort of *Men*, as having
Ow'd but fifty *Pence*, if that's forgiv'n, bear
With me: Whilst seemingly I'm mad with Joy,
And only talk of *Jesus*, and his *Blood*.
Think, if you can, that I'm belov'd, and then
The little that you feel, will reasonably
Excuse my seeming *Phrensy*, and my Song
Of Praise to *Christ* the slaughter'd *Lamb*: How-
e'er

Disorderly. Nor will you then refuse
To bear a Part with me, where *orderly*,
I possibly may touch the pleasing String.

Angels, distinguish'd in your *Names*, your
Heights

Of Glory, and of Power; as you are pleas'd
To see the Prodigal return, and shout
With mighty Joys, when Sinners *saw'd* and *wash'd*
In *Jesus'* Blood, advance with Songs of Praise:
Now join with *me*, sing you his *Godhead*, and
Eternity, I'll sing the *same*, and *more*:
That he was *Man* for *me*. Sing you his *Power*,
Creating Worlds innumerable, I'll
Sing the *Love* that died for *this*, and *me* a
Worm *especially*. Sing you his *Glory*
And universal Monarchy; thro' all
Eternities, I'll sing the bleeding *King*,
The *Victories* he has won, and how his
Love has conquer'd *this* my stubborn Heart. Sing
You the Favours he has shewn to *you*, your
Natures *excellent*, your Station *high*, your
Service in his Presence, and how he kept
You, when so many *Miriads* fell. I'll sing
His *Love*, that pass'd *your* Nature *by*, and took
My Flesh, and Blood, and wears it on the Throne:
In *which* I am exalted, rais'd, a *Son*,
A *King*, and *Consort* of my *Maker*, for
Ever in his Presence, on his Heart, his
Glory, and his *Diadem*. The *Love* that
Finish'd my *Transgressions*, made me pure, and
Evermore preserves me, without *Spot*, or
Stain,

Stain, his *Joy* and his *Rejoicing*. O! was
 Ever Love like *this*? Triumphant *Zion*,
 Join with *me*. Once Sons of Tribulation,
 Sav'd by the worthy Lamb, your Robes *now*
 wash'd,

And in his Blood made white, the Force of Love
 Distinguishing, forgiving, perpetual,
 And unchangeable, *you* know; with ever
 New Delight, I hear *you* sing, *Worthy the*
Lamb, once slain, who by his Blood redeem'd us
Unto God. Since *this* is all your Theme, with
 You, my ev'ry Pow'r shall join, and sing:
 For ever worthy is the Lamb, worthy the Lamb,
 Worthy the holy slaughter'd Lamb: To *live*
 And *reign* over ev'ry World and Creature,
 Let all the Church of God, *above, below*,
 And all Things else that breathe, with *me*, conspire
 To lift his sacred Praise, 'till Time shall *die*,
 And an eternal State *commence*. Wonder-
 Smitten, I *sink*, I *bow*, beneath the Weight
 Of everlasting Love, *thy* Love, my God!

Great the Salvation, O! my God, which Thou
 Hast wrought: For *Man*, for *me* rebellious Worm.
 Beyond Example, great thy Love, which *first*
 Inspir'd, and seal'd Instruction on my Mind;
 And led from Shades of *Night*, to brighter *Day*
 This Soul of *mine*: Where first it learn'd, that free
 And full Redemption, thy dear Blood contains,
 Remitting each Offence. Divinely taught,
 For Shelter, to thy Wounds with Willingness
 I fled; as Doves pursu'd, fly speedily from
 Vultures

Vultures Claws, to gaping clefts of broken
 Rocks their *safe* Retreat. The great Salvation
 I accepted, the better Part I chose,
 Thro' *Love*, Almighty *Love's* Impulse ; nor *else*
 Had I been fav'd, but lost in Unbelief
 And Ignorance ; had *sunk* to endless Depths
 Of Ruin, and Perdition : Neglecting
 All thy Love to know, or feel its Power.
Here as my chiefest Good, I *love*, with *Love*
 Unspeakable, my God incarnate: Who
Loved me first. I love him so, that Loss of
Friends, and *Health*, and *Strength*, to me not
 grievous.

Nor breaks my Peace. Nor henceforth will I know
 With Confidence, no Friend, but what I know
 In *him* ; as fellow Member of his *Flesh*,
 And *Bone*, where Friendship, founded in Unity
 Of that dear Body, knows *no Change* : Where but
One Life, *one* Name, and Character's possess'd
 By *all* : Each Member equally impress'd
 With the other's Grief, or Joy. Whilst *Him* I
 Know, I want not Friends ; when *most* forsaken
Most embrac'd ; in *deepest* Sickness *purest*
 Health ; and *strongest* when with *Weakness* cloath'd.
 I love *Thee* so, that Scorn, Contempt and Shame,
 For *thee* with *me* are Trifles : They gall *me*
 Not, nor would I fly the *Cross*, nor from my
 Forehead wipe the Scandal of thy Bloody
 Death, when charged on *me* as *Foolishness*
 Or *Blasphemy*. I hug the thorny Crown,
 Of wearing it ambitious, the highest
 Honour, I would, whilst here, aspire unto.

I love

I love thee so, that none of all *thy* Works
 I hate, an Enemy to none am I,
All Men I learn to love, but *none* I fear.
 Nor can Revenge or Malice lodge within
 My breast, *Forgiveness* as thou hast forgiven
Me, I feel to *all* who injure *me*, and
 Prove themselves *my Foes* : Bowing the Knee for
 Them I pray, and love them with all Love, that
 Fulness excepted, where I feel the dear
 United Body of the Lamb my God.
 I love thee so, that *Sin*, and *only Sin's*
 My *Hell*, yea worse than *Hell*. To make me *sad*,
 And *miserable*, thou only needest
 Draw thine Arm back and let me fall a Prey
 To what within me lurks, as ever *there*
 And *ready*, as a bold Usurper to
 Mount thy Throne, impose new Laws, and govern
 With Arbitrary Rule, and with a Rod
 Of Iron. *This, this* is Hell to me, and
Only this : For *this*, I look to *thee* whom
 I have pierc'd, with broken Heart, and as with
 Tears of Blood, I wash thy wounded Feet, griev'd
 That I grieve thy Heart, by Sin repeated :
 Wounding my Soul afresh with sharpest Pain.

I love Thee so, that never hunted *Hart*,
 Did pant for Water Brooks, nor thirsty *Land*,
 For the descending Showers, nor shipwreck'd
Man, when, from the Eminence of a Wave, he
 Spies the solid Land, to reach the same: Nor
 Weary *Traveller*, from whom the Light is
 Fled, in desert Land where roams the Savage
Beast,

Beast, for the revolving Day : As thirsts my
Soul for *Thee* my *God*, I hunger, pant and
 With Desire I pine, to wear thine Image :
 The Meekness, Love and Pity, of the *Man* of
Nazareth Charms my Heart, and makes me *long*
 As never Lover did, to bear thy *Mind*,
 Thy *Likeness*, O! my Lord, and to possess
 Thee, in all the Fulness of thy *Spirit*,
 And ev'ry beauteous Temper deep, Divine.

I love thee so, that *Death* no more affrights my
 Waiting Soul, I kiss the Dart, once dreaded,
 By which Mortality creeps *in* to loose
 The Knot, which ties me to a Clod of *Dust*.
 Crowding on every Sense, repeated
 Messengers are *sent*, to *lecture* on the
 Certainty of Death, to me each *Day* and
Hour, I welcome them thou knowest as one
 To whom no Tidings are more grateful, nor
 Can there be a Theme more pleasing, *Study*
 Or *Meditation* more delightful than
 That, I shall put off my *Clay* to meet my
Lord, to see the beauteous *King*, and read his
 Battles, Valour, Conquest, and his Love to
Me, in all the *Wounds* and *Scars*, he wears as
 Now *before* and *on* the Throne ; legible
 Characters, deeply engraven in his
 Sacred *Flesh*, the *Book* of *Life*, which keeps my
 Name secure. To *die* is *Gain* : Not that I
Dare not live, since *Jesus* lives, contented
 I wou'd be to live for *Him*, and be the
 Common Mark of *Envy* and *Disdain*.

But

But O! I long to see my *Lord*, my *God*,
 Dear *Man*, celestial, where *Beauty*, untold
Beauty, in *Perfection* shines: That *Face* once
 Marr'd, and more than any *Man's*, I long to
 Gaze upon without a *Glass*. Those *Hands*, those
Feet, and sacred *Side* so pierc'd, I clearer
 Still would view; and there would learn, in deeper
 Lesson yet, the Love of *God* to *Man*, to
 Me unworthy *Worm*. Fain would I flee my
 Evil Heart, my Nature sinful; and from
 The Bait alluring to the *Flesh*: Escape
 The Son of *Wickedness*, and all his *Rage*
 And *Power*, and rest me in the *Mansion*
 My *Jesus* has prepar'd: My weary *Soul*
 Shall there for-ever rest, and *Wickedness*
 Shall cease from burdening, or troubling me.

I love Thee so, as not to dread the Day
 When thou with *Wrath* and *Judgment* cloath'd,
 shalt make

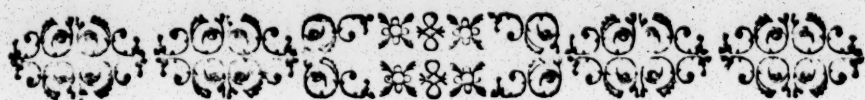
Thy grand Appearance, on the *Clouds*, to judge
 The Worlds of *Angels*, and of *Man*. Although
 Ten Thousand *Terrors* then shall fly before
 Thy *Face*, to wound with *Horror*, and (with yet
 Unknown) *Despair*, all thy *Foes*: Who would not
 Own thy *Government*; but mock'd thy *Blood*, and
 Thy despis'd *Reign*. Tho' *Sun*, and *Moon*, and
Stars, shall fail; tho' *Heaven* and *Earth* shall pass
 Away; tho' *Blood*, and *Fire*, and smoaky
Pillars shall appear, trembling the *Hearts* of
Men, and mourning all the different *Tribes* of
 Earth,

Earth ; tho' *Bond* and *Free*, and *High* and *Low*,
shall

Cry aloud to *Rocks* and *Mountains* for to
Hide them from thy Wrath ; greatly incensed
On that dreadful *Day* : Yet fear *I* not, but
Loving *thee* my Lord, I pray thee *quickly*
Come, the awful Prospect of that *Day* is
Pleasing to my Soul, make *Haste* my *God*, my
King : And call thy Bride, to see thy Foes cast
Down beneath thy *Feet*, and there constrain'd to
Own thy *Godhead*, and thy powerful *Hand*.
Thy Love to *me* supports my Confidence :
Made Thee, at first, my *Joy*, my *sole Delight* ;
Gladden'd my Heart, my Tongue, and bid me sing
The following Songs of Praise to thee, my Lord.



H Y M N S,



H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N I.

*All Things are delivered unto me, of my Father;
and no Man knoweth the Son, but the Father;
neither knoweth any Man the Father, save the
Son, &c. Matt. xi. 27.*

1 **A**LL Things deliver'd are
To *Jesus*, as the Son;
Whilst we, in all Things, with him share,
With him for-ever One.

2 We were the Father's Love;
Us to his Son he gave;
Where we his Life and Fulness prove,
And in him Glory have.

3 To us he gave all Grace,
In *Christ*, the Man divine;
And we in him, before his Face,
In perfect Beauty shine.

H

4 There's

- 4 There's none can know the Son,
Or witness who he is,
But he who's with the Father one,
His Love and Righteousness !
- 5 We in Perfection dwell,
Where we the Father see ;
As one with him, we now can tell
The Son's the Man that's free.
- 6 From Precept and Demand,
Free from all Sin and Fear,
Our Sonship shall in *Jesus* stand,
Without our Toil or Care.
- 7 None but the Son, so blest,
Can God as Father own ;
Until we are the Son confess,
The Father is unknown.
- 8 O the amazing Grace
We have in *Jesus* seen !
The Glory of the Father's Face,
Without a Veil between.
- 9 Now, perfected in God,
His richest Grace we prove,
The Way to which is *Jesu's* Blood,
The Proof supreme of Love.

II.

For it pleased, that in him should all Fulness dwell,
Col. i. 19.

- 1 **A**LL Fulness in the Lamb we view ;
To look beside him, Loss :
He's only holy, just and true ;
All else is Dung and Dross.
- 2 There dwells in him, as stain'd with Blood,
Jehovah's Pow'r and Name ;
Greatly, from everlasting, God,
Yea, when the slaughter'd Lamb.
- 3 In him we know the holy Bride
All gather'd into one ;
She looks out through his bleeding Side,
With all her Beauties on.
- 4 In him we see God's Heav'n, our Earth,
In perfect Peace agree :
This gives our one new Man its Birth,
And sets our Nature free.
- 5 His purg'd Humanity is ours,
And in it now we prove
A Seat above the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Fix'd in the Father's Love.

6 New Heav'ns, new Earth, we now possess ;
Beulah, that blessed Field,
 Where dwells eternal Righteousness ;
 And God's our Sun and Shield.

7 Here's nothing hurtful to destroy ;
 The holy Mountain's here ;
 No Curse, nor Sin, us to annoy,
 No Torment, Guilt, or Fear.

8 Of *Jesus* we will never cease
 To sing as we began ;
 In whom there dwells, in perfect Peace,
 God, and his darling Man.

III.

Speak unto the Children of Israel, that they go forward, Exod. xiv. 15.

1 **C** A N A A N promis'd is before ;
 Come let us forward go,
 Not the Ocean, nor its Roar,
 Nor the *Egyptian* Foe,
 May obstruct, when God commands ;
 His Pow'r on our Behalf he shows :
 Move we forward to the Land,
 Where Milk and Honey flows.

2 *Pharaoh's* Hosts, our Flesh and Sense,
 Press hard upon our Rear ;

Vainly

Vainly strive to cause Offence,
 Or make the Spirit fear :
 God protects us in his Hand,
 Whilst Vengeance on his Foes he throws :
 Move we forward, &c.

3 Roaring Floods clap Hands aloud,
 To drive us back again ;
 Seas of Trials vastly crowd
 T' affright the Sons of Men :
Jesus bids us quiet stand,
 Whilst he his great Salvation shows :
 Move we forward, &c.

4 Seas divide before our Face,
 And stand upon an Heap ;
 Mighty Waters, by his Grace,
 Shrink from the fearful Deep :
 On we march at his Command,
 Nor dread the Power of our Foes :
 Move we forward, &c.

5 Love, which God to us doth shew,
 Strikes the *Egyptian* dead ;
 Floods, which give *us* Passage thro',
 Return upon their Head :
 Dead we see them on the Strand,
 Nor can they farther us pursue ;
 We are in *Immanuel's* Land,
 Where Milk and Honey flow.

IV.

*In his Humiliation his Judgment was taken away,
Acts viii. 33.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lamb! thy humbled State we sing,
Thy Name, thy Wounds and Blood we
We own thee, Infant God, our King, (praise;
And to thy Throne our Hearts we raise.
- 2 Dear holy Child, we sing the Birth
Of him conceiv'd in Holiness;
Where God our Maker took our Earth,
Our Curse and all our Helplessness.
- 3 Thy first Blood-shedding hath us seal'd,
In Peace and Covenant with God,
From fleshly Filth and Shame, now heal'd
By holy Circumcision-Blood.
- 4 Thou God of Love, yet growing Youth,
Subject to Creature-Parents Thou;
Thy humble Steps, eternal Truth,
Make us admire, and, wond'ring, bow.
- 5 Poor Man, despised *Nazarene*,
With sweating Brow thou earn'dst thy Bread;
Great God! thy Glories were unseen,
And from the Eyes of Mortals hid.

- 6 Humbled in Poverty and Pain,
Temptation fore, Contempt and Scorn,
That Curse of ours for to sustain,
Was the eternal Father born.
- 7 Empty'd of all, but tort'ring Smart ;
His Honour and his Judgment lost :
Deep, unknown Sorrows fill'd his Heart,
His Soul with fierce Temptations tost.
- 8 By this, the everlasting Grace,
And Nature-Love of God appears ;
By this we see the Father's Face,
Where lost are all our Sins and Fears.

V.

Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting Salvation, Isaiah xlv. 17.

1 GREATLY belov'd,
Of God approv'd ;
Ere Time began,
Jehovah's darling Man
Possess'd his Nature, Love,
Above ;
There Man is known,
Whilst Angels own,
Above them far,
This *bright and Morning-Star.*

2 When

2 When all beheld,
 With Wonder fill'd,
 The glorious Grace
 Sparkle in *Jesu's* Face;
 We, Worms, as wholly blind
 In Mind,
 Could not discern
 What did concern
 Our Hearts alone,
 That Orb in which we shone.

3 But God would show,
 To us below,
 His Grace and Choice,
 Whilst we in Heart rejoice;
 And this reveal'd by Blood,
 When God
 Became a Man;
 And then began
 In Love to cure
 Our Nature, blind, impure.

4 The Work was great;
 It made him sweat,
 Blood-Rivers flow'd,
 He groan'd and cry'd aloud;
 Whilst Sorrows rent his Heart
 With Smart
 Unspeakable:
 The Pains of Hell,
 Infernal Wrath,
 Incompass'd him in Death.

5 With many Tears,
 And unknown Fears,
 Heart-breaking Sighs,
 Infinite Agonies,
 Wounds, Blood, and Bruises fresh,
 His Flesh
 All over fill ;
 In Anguish, still,
 He yields his Breath
 To the accursed Death.

6 Fail Nature's Laws ;
 The Sun withdraws ;
 With dreadful Crack,
 The Rocks asunder break ;
 Convuls'd Creation shakes,
 Earth quakes ;
 All old Things die,
 Non-entity,
 Pass'd over all
 That liv'd by *Adam's* Fall.

7 Hence came the Hour,
 When God, with Pow'r,
 Rais'd from the Dead
 The Members, and the Head :
 In that one perfect Man,
 The Plan
 Of Grace we see,
 Where *Christ* and we
 Were nam'd in one,
 The Father's only Son.

8 His Joy fulfill'd
 In ev'ry Child :
 We, in that Grace,
 Behold the Father's Face :
 In that exalted Man,
 We can
 For-ever view,
 That love, so true,
 Which did us raise
 To never-ceasing Praise.

VI.

*To make the Captain of their Salvation perfect,
 through Sufferings, Heb. ii. 10.*

1 **H**AIL, *Jesus*, perfect God and Man !
 Sole Author of Salvation's Plan ;
 Thou felt'st our Misery :
 Perfect, thro' Suff'rings, thou wast made,
 The Members, perfect as their Head,
 With Joy, Salvation cry.

2 Obedient to thy Blood and Death,
 Obedient to th' inspiring Breath,
 Are all our inward Pow'rs :
 Thy Body we, in Thee lov'd,
 Thy Sorrows hath our Joy improv'd,
 Eternal Life is ours.

- 3 Barr'd is the Way to Happiness ;
 The Mind kept back from perfect Peace,
 Until the *Saviour's* known :
 Known as a Man, yet God with us,
 Who bare our Mis'ries on the Cross,
 And made them all his own.
- 4 Hence on the Pinions of thy Love ;
 I soar from Earth to dwell above,
 Where thou hast led the Way ;
 Whilst Heights of Bliss my Soul surprize,
 Thy wounded Form still bids me rise
 To brighter, brighter Day.
- 5 I welcome ev'ry State with Thee,
 Since thou wilt my Companion be,
 Thro' all this Field of Blood :
 Thy Life preserves my Heav'n sure,
 Thou shalt be now and evermore,
 My *Jesus* and my God.

VII.

*I was set up from Everlasting, from the Beginning,
 or ever the Earth was. Then I was by him, as
 one brought up with him : and I was daily his
 Delight, rejoicing always before him. Prov. viii.
 23. 30.*

- 1 **H**AIL! high, exalted, righteous Man,
 First of the Ways of God!
 Whose Work of Love in thee began,
 As witness'd by thy Blood.

2 Before

- 2 Before the Sons of God declar'd
With Shouts, their solemn Joy;
Or Songs of Morning Stars were heard,
As pure without Alloy :
- 3 Thy early Day, proclaim'd Thee then,
The First-born Child of Grace ;
Great Representative of Men,
Before the Father's Face.
- 4 The great Invisible we see,
In Thee, and Thee alone :
To Men, and Angels out of Thee,
The Godhead is unknown.
- 5 God's noble Works shine in thy Face,
Thou his infinite Thought ;
Creation, Providence, and Grace,
In Thee decreed and wrought.

The same.

VIII.

- 1 **T**H' unutterable Word Thou art,
O *Christ*, to Sons of Men ;
Jehovah spake Thee from his Heart,
And Worlds existed then.
- 2 He spake Thee then a Law to all
The glorious Hierarchy,

And

And firm decreed their dreadful Fall,
Who would not worship thee.

3 By thee he rules the Worlds above,
And all the Worlds below ;
By thee he doth his Grace and Love,
His Wrath and Justice, shew.

4 Thou, the exalted Throne of Grace,
The Father's peaceful Seat,
Where we with Joy behold his Face,
And worship at his Feet.

5 In thee now fav'd, no more we fear
The Curse of *Adam's* Fall;
In thee with Boldness we draw near
To God, the Judge of All.

IX.

*I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husband-
man, John xv. 1.*

1 **J** E S U S, the Grace reveal'd,
The great Salvation shewn,
The Sum of Love's Decrees unseal'd,
The Plant of great Renown.

2 Rais'd by the Father's Grace,
The Plant of his right Hand,
To represent before his Face,
The Souls from ev'ry Land.

3 Plant

- 3 Plant of the Father's Care,
On whom his Love did shine;
The Branches in him hidden were,
'Till he grew to a Vine.
- 4 The eternal Husbandman,
To make the Branches pure,
In Wisdom infinite began
Our Barrenness to cure.
- 5 He then this Vine would dress,
Whilst Love his Hand did urge,
That ev'ry Branch in Righteousness
He in one Vine might purge.
- 6 From each superfluous Shoot,
The Buds of Man's Offence;
This to destroy he purg'd the Root,
And in it ev'ry Branch.
- 7 With Bruises was he drest,
And nail'd up to a Tree;
The pruning Hook his Soul oppress'd,
That he might fruitful be.
- 8 He was not purg'd in vain,
But did his Strength recruit;
And when was finish'd all his Pain,
There then appear'd his Fruit.

9 Distill'd from all his Smart
The holy Unction ran;
This is the Wine that cheers the Heart,
The Heart of God and Man.

10 With us he doth abound,
As Branches, he the Stem;
From him our Fruitfulness is found,
And shall remain in him.

11 Hence shall our Joys arise,
And ev'ry Hour improve,
Whilst, in his smoaking Sacrifice,
God hears our Songs above.

X.

Those that thou gavest me, I have kept; and none of them are lost, but the Son of Perdition, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. John xvii. 12.

1 **J**ESUS, the Father's richest Grace,
Anointed to behold his Face,
As all the Church in one;
The holy promis'd *Shiloh*, he,
In whom the Bride should gather'd be,
As one beloved Son.

2 He kept us in the Father's Name,
Thro' all this World of Sin and Shame,
So

So that there's missing none :
 Tho' torn his Side, his Hands and Feet,
 His Body's still preserv'd compleat,
 Without a broken Bone.

3 He kept us in the dreadful Hour,
 The Father's Name, his Love, and Pow'r,
 Preserv'd the Souls he gave :
 His future Glory we were giv'n,
 Our Loss, had been *his* Loss of Heav'n,
 But he was strong to save.

4 The Members giv'n unto the Head,
 One Son, one perfect Body made.
 The Darling of our God :
 He gave each Member's Curse, and Pride,
 To die the Death when *Jesus* dy'd,
 All to be purg'd with Blood.

5 That he might make our Nature clean,
 The Father laid on him our Sin,
 Whilst with Temptations tost,
 Most dreadful Cries were heard, with Blood,
 Whilst in the Storm and Wrath of God,
 Perdition's Son was lost ;

6 Lost from the Father's piercing Sight,
 Deep buried in eternal Night,
 Now lies the Man of Sin ;
 And, lost for-ever from our View,
 When we in Spirit *Jesus* knew,
 And with him enter in.

7 Now are the Scriptures all fulfill'd
 In Christ, the Virgin's promis'd Child,
 Man sav'd, and Sin condemn'd:
 Brought Home to see the Father's Face,
 Where we inherit all his Grace,
 And are by him esteem'd.

XI.

*He that descended is the same also that ascended up
 far above all Heavens, that he might fill all
 Things, Eph. iv. 10.*

1 **J**ESUS, the Saviour, from above,
 The Father's deep, descending Love
 Reach'd us, the lower Parts of Earth,
 And rais'd us to a heav'nly Birth:
 He who ascends to Glory is the same,
 As humbled to the Earth, from Heaven came.

2 Above the highest Heavens far,
 Earth's lower Parts now risen are;
 When God, who put our Nature on,
 Ascended, the triumphant Man,
 Where Thrones, Dominions, Powers, and
 Angels fall
 Before his Face, as filling all in all.

3 Pre-eminence to Jesus giv'n,
 To fill all Things in Earth and Heav'n:

K

The

Now

The Dispensation now is come,
When God has gather'd all Things Home ;
All Things in Love are gather'd into one,
Where Heav'n and Earth make one beloved
Son.

4 Now *Jefus* fills all Things, we know ;
All Things above, and all below ;
That he fills all Things, we are fure,
Hence all Things now to us are pure :
In Faith's Idea no Vacuum we find,
For he fills all, as God's eternal Mind.

5 Nothing but *Jefus* now we view ;
Old Things are loft, and all Things new :
He fills our Heart, our Eye, our Ear,
And nought but *Jefus* doth appear.
O holy Myftery ! here ends our Want,
Our Grievs, our Sorrows, Troubles, and
Complaint.

XII.

*Can a Woman forget her fuckling Child, that ſhe
ſhould not have Compaſſion on the Son of her
Womb, Iſa. xlix. 15.*

1 **L**ET Heav'n and Earth united ſing
The Praiſes of the God of Love,
Our *Huſband, Saviour, God and King,*
Whoſe Name and Nature ſuch we prove.

2 But

- 2 But *Zion*, Church and Bride of God,
 Withdrawing from the joyful Throng,
 Bewails her State of Widowhood,
 And vents Complaint instead of Song.

- 3 For Grief, an absent God's her Plea,
 In deepest Sorrow thus she cries,
 The Lord he hath forsaken me,
 Dissolv'd are all the solemn Ties.

- 4 I of my God forgotten am,
 Tho' once belov'd, and nam'd his Bride;
 My Glory's turned into Shame,
 Where from my Mis'ries may I hide?

- 5 Cease Virgin-spouse, why shouldst thou grieve,
 And Causeless mourn in Tears of Blood?
 Thy Joy is full, only believe,
 And hear what says thy Husband, God.

- 6 Can Mothers kind forgetful prove,
 Of Sucklings nourish'd at the Breast,
 Maternal Bowels cease to move
 To Infants when with Pain oppress'd?

- 7 Or can Compassion leave the Heart
 Whilst they their smiling Babes expose
 To Death, without b'ing kill'd with Smart,
 And feel again their Pangs and Throes?

8 Those,

- 8 Those, worse than brutal, may forget,
 Who having Nature's Laws withstood;
 Thro' curs'd Impulse, strange, nameless great,
 Imbrue their Hands in Infant's Blood.
- 9 But I will ne'er forget my Bride,
 Says *Jesus*, God of Love and Truth,
 Taken, when sleeping, from my Side,
 Then, born to bear, eternal Youth.
- 10 I'll not forget my Word, my Oath,
 I'll not forget my Wounds, my Blood;
 My Friendship makes but one of both,
 And I am still thy Saviour, God.
- 11 Wrote on my Hands thy much lov'd Name,
 My *Zion*, glorious is thy State!
 I see thee always without Blame,
 And his own Body none can hate.
- 12 Thy Walls before me always are;
 Bounds to thy Dwelling I have set;
 My *Zion's* my peculiar Care,
 My *Zion* I will ne'er forget.
- 13 O happy *Zion*! see and prove
 How groundless all thy Sorrows are;
 Live in thy Husband's Nature, Love,
 And that shall cast out all thy Fear.

XIII.

Beloved, now are we Sons of God, &c.

John iii. 2.

1 **N**OW are we Sons of God!
Nor doth it yet appear,
What Heights of Bliss, thro' *Jesu's* Blood,
For us prepared are.

2 This we already know,
When *Christ*, our Righteousness,
Shall shew himself to Men below,
We shall be as he is.

3 Yea, in this World are we,
As *Jesus* is above;
As him, from Sin and *Satan* free,
As perfected in Love.

4 Invisible are we
To this blind World below;
There's none but such who *Jesus* see,
Can us discern or know.

5 All that which doth appear
Of us, or can be known,
By Reason's Eye, to Mortals here,
We utterly disown.

- 6 We call it Dung and Dross,
The Man from whom we cease ;
To own it ours, is Pain and Loss,
And saps the Christian's Peace.
- 7 *Jesus* alone we own,
And nothing know beside ;
In him, as free from Sin, we're known,
His pure and holy Bride.
- 8 In him we now confess,
We are the Lord's Delight,
His Rest, his Joy and Righteousness,
All glorious in his Sight.
- 9 We are as we would be ;
Nor have we yet to choose ;
As *Christ* the Son, we're ever free,
Nor can that Sonship lose.

XIV.

But now is Christ risen from the Dead, &c.

1 Cor. xv. 20.

- 1 **N**OW is *Jesus*, now is *Jesus*,
Risen from the Dead ;
Love, to seize us, Love, to seize us,
In the Lamb, our Head :

Caught us sinking under Sin,
Took our Curse and Nature in,
To its Off'ring, that by suff'ring,
It might make us clean.

2 God in Fashion, &c.
Like to fallen Man;
By his Passion, &c.
Finished the Plan;
Which eternal Mercy laid,
Which eternal Love decreed,
That the Bride, thus purified,
Should from all Sin be freed.

3 Thus our Maker, &c.
Our Creator, God,
Was Partaker, &c.
Of our Flesh and Blood:
He became our Nature's Pride,
And, as all our Sin, he dy'd;
As our old Man, as our old Man,
He was crucify'd.

4 Then he finish'd, &c.
All our deep Distress;
Then replenish'd, &c.
Man with Righteousness:
In his Body Sin lay dead,
With each Sorrow which it bred,
Accusation, Condemnation,
Spread their Wings and fled.

5 Old Things now are, &c.

Passed all away ;

That his Power, &c.

He might thus display :

In a new Creation pure,

From all Sin and Spoil secure,

This erected, stands perfected,

On Foundation sure.

6 See it rising, &c.

Glorious to our View ;

Most surprising, &c.

All Things here are new :

As rose *Jesus* from the Grave,

Such the Purity we have ;

Sin is dead, and Care is fled,

The Son's no more a Slave.

XV.

*For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ,
have put on Christ, Gal. iii. 27.*

1 **O** ! How doth God our Souls surprise,
When he our Conscience doth baptize
Into the holy Nature ;
Where, free from all Offence and Blame,
We now possess in *Christ* the Lamb,
The Fulness of his Stature.

Now

Now free
 Are we
 And shall ever,
 In our *Saviour*,
 Stand perfected ;
 With him to this Grace elected.

2 Free from all Consciouſness of Sin,
 We live where none can enter in ;
 This when in Heart believed ;
 Our Conscience answers towards God,
 As free from Sin, thro' *Jesu's* Blood,
 Nor can we be deceived :

For he
 And we,
 In one Body,
 White and ruddy,
 Are compleated :
 In the Father's Glory seated.

3 Salvation now in us is wrought ;
 Nor is there one uneasy Thought,
 By which our Peace is spoiled :
 Baptiz'd into the *Saviour's* Name,
 Our Conscience answers to the Lamb,
 Who ne'er can be defiled.

Now bleſt
 We reſt
 From what vexes
 And perplexes ;
 We are fully
 In and as is *Jesus* holy.

XVI.

God is Love, and he that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him, John iv. 16.

1 **O** Love! what a Secret to Mortals thou art!
'Tis God's deep Eternity, Nature and
Heart :

The witnessing Dove confirms this high Plan,
And likewise his Word and his Dealings with
Man ;

The Sorrows of *Jesus*, his Torment and Pain,
Has left no Foundation for doubting again.

2 O Love! how mysterious and boundless art thou!
Thy Date and thy Measure unlimited flow :
This *Jesus* reveals with Evidence strong ;
It gladdens my Heart, and inspires my Song
With Praise to my *Saviour*, my Lord and my God,
Whose Love is my Glory, as view'd in his Blood.

3 O Love! what a Gath'ring of Souls thou hast
made !
All into one Fountain, one Body, one Head;
Where they were preserv'd thy own, thro'
the Fall,
The Fulness of *Jesus*, who fills all in all :
Close in her Pavilion, the Darling, the Bride,
Lay hid in her Husband, till born from his
Side.

4 O Love ! what a Bridegroom of Honour and Trust !

The Fulness of Heaven hath married my Dust ;
He humbled himself to cleave to his Wife,
In all her Distress and her Sorrows of Life ;
With her was he number'd amongst the Unclean,
Nor yet could he loathe her, nor Jar come between.

5 O Love ! what a Husband thy Care did provide !

Descending from Glory in Search of thy Bride ;
Her Substance conceiv'd, thy Body was she,
Incarnate in her, and she then was in thee ;
In th' Womb of the Virgin, the Twain was made one,
Whence God, our Creator, was born a poor Man.

XVII.

Unto you therefore which believe he is precious,
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 **O** My Jesus ! O my Jesus !
Bridegroom of my Heart,
Who espoused, who espoused,
To my Nature Art ;

Thou,

Thou, my Love, hast bore my Blame,
Thy dear Wounds and lovely Name,
Deep imprest upon my Breast,
Shall always be my Flame.

2 O was ever, &c.

Lover like the Lamb !

No, no, never, &c.

Was so true a Flame,

As what burns on *Jesu's* Blood,

As the dying Love of God,

God-like glorious, Love's victorious,

Though by Hell withstood.

3 In my Weakness, &c.

There I always see

Constant Witness, &c.

That thy Love is free :

Empty I, of Goodness void,

Whilst on thee, my Lamb, I'm staid,

Thou art Love; and this I prove,

And shall not be afraid.

4 Mercy raises, &c.

My lost Nature high ;

Love amazes, &c.

Whilst I, wond'ring, cry :

O my Love ! how kind thine Heart,

Taking of my Flesh a Part ;

In thy Body, once so bloody,

I am as thou art.

XVIII.

And they shall call his Name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us, Matt. i. 23.

- 1 **O** Holy *Emman'el!* thy Myst'ry divine,
From Glory to Glory, on *Zion* shall shine,
The Myst'ry of God espous'd to a Worm,
Who neither had Merit, nor beautiful Form;
Yet rais'd to the Bosom of God, the Supreme,
She sings she is like him, yet does not blaspheme.
- 2 O lovely *Emman'el!* illustrious thy Grace!
The Beauties of Holiness shine in thy Face:
Triumphant in Bliss, our Nature we spy,
And we, in that Nature, join'd to the most
High:
The Image express of the Substance of God;
His Brightness appearing by Water and Blood.
- 3 O sacred *Emman'el!* our Glory, our Joy;
In mut'al Embraces, which never shall cloy,
The Bridegroom and Bride, our Maker and we,
Perpetually live, as united in thee;
'Consummate Salvation, reveal'd in thy Blood,
In thee we possess, with the Fulness of God.
- 4 O glorious *Emman'el!* *Jehovah* with Man!
With us is God present; (amazing the Plan!)
Perfection

Perfection of Joy we now understand,
 Whilst Rivers of Pleasures flow at his Right
 Hand :

We stand, when no higher our Notes we can
 raise,

In Silence, expressive of Wonder and Praise.

XIX.

*In my Flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for
 myself, Job xix. 26, 27.*

1 **S** E E, O my Soul, with Wonder see,
 Array'd in Flesh, thy God,
 Cloath'd with my whole Humanity,
 And deeply drench'd in Blood !

2 My Flesh, my Blood, and Bone espous'd ;
 (O the amazing Plan !)
 From Nature's Death and Darknefs rous'd,
 When God became a Man.

3 My Frame, once pure, was marr'd and harm'd,
 Between his Hands quite spoil'd ;
 But now a nobler Vessel form'd,
 When God became a Child.

4 At *Bethl'hem* was my purer Birth,
 The Virgin-mother mine,
 His Heav'n married to my Earth,
 In *Christ*, the Man divine.

- 5 *Emmanuel* is God with me,
 In our exalted Lamb;
 In whom I'm reconcil'd and free,
 All Praise attend his Name.
- 6 His Sonship proves my Sin forgiv'n,
 Makes my Salvation sure,
 Prepares for me a Seat in Heav'n,
 And keeps my Joy secure.
- 7 In him accepted; and, as him,
 Receiv'd in Realms above;
 In him I triumph, soar, and swim,
 In everlasting Love.
- 8 All my Religion and my Life,
 Art thou, my Lamb, my God;
 I'm fix'd, from hence my future Strife
 Shall be to praise thy Blood.

XX.

I had fainted, unless I had believed, Pf. xxvii. 13.

1 **S** H E W me the Reason, O my God,
 Why I afflicted am;
 Since thou hast wash'd me in thy Blood,
 And cover'd all my Shame.

- 2 Why yet must rebel Nature live
To fill my Heart with Pain?
Why yet my *Jesus* must I grieve?
Shall Nature ne'er be slain?
- 3 Ten thousand Tears, more num'rous Sighs,
Flow from this Heart of mine,
In ardent Pray'r, with piercing Cries,
I seek Redress in vain.
- 4 Whilst, passing thro' baptismal Fire,
My Spirit frets and pines,
And, languishing with fierce Desire,
Would know thy deep Designs.
- 5 What! must I lose my Friends and Fame,
All that's to be desir'd?
Have vile Contempt pour'd on my Name,
Abhorr'd, but not admir'd?
- 6 What! must Temptations yet prevail,
And *Satan* sift my Heart?
Whilst inbred Lusts my Mind assail,
And cause me grievous Smart?
- 7 Must Heaven, Earth, and Hell unite,
Against me in this War?
How shall I bear this dreadful Fight,
Or keep from foul Despair?

- 8 *Take up the Cross, thyself deny,*
 (O most ungrateful Sound !)
 Alas ! I burn, and sink, and die,
 And feel the Spirit's Wound.
- 9 Is there no Way to glorify
 Thy Death and honour'd Name,
 Except I to myself thus die,
 And swim thro' Floods of Shame ?
- 10 What ! be deny'd my Heart's Desire,
 My Expectations crost,
 Whilst all my Joys of Sense expire,
 My Reputation lost ?
- 11 The Thought of *this* distracts my Heart,
 'Tis worse than Death or Hell ;
 The Torment, Pangs, and dreadful Smart,
 My Tongue can never tell.
- 12 Peace, O my Soul ; this is the Path
 That leads to Rest divine :
 'Tis this illustrates *Jesu's* Death,
 And makes his Goodness shine.
- 13 Now, with my Lord nail'd to his Cross,
 I feel the untold Pain ;
 But, ah ! how loath to suffer Loss
 Am I, tho' 'tis my Gain !

14 O Lamb! 'tis thou dost exercise
Me with this searching Flame,
And, thro' thy Suff'rings, wilt baptize
Me into all thy Name.

15 Since this I know, I check my Fears,
And all I am resign;
Fly from my Heart, ye anxious Cares,
My Lamb, I'm wholly thine.

XXI.

*Be ready always to give an Answer to every Man
that asketh you a Reason of the Hope that is in
you, 1 Pet. iii. 15.*

1 **S**olemnly we now confess,
The Lord our Portion is;
He, our Joy and Righteousness,
Whilst we are ever his:
Dead with *Jesus*, freed from Sin,
We rise with him for ever free;
Now with him are enter'd in,
Where we his Glory see.

2 Human Nature's reconcil'd
To God, the Judge of all;
In which Nature ev'ry Child
Restor'd from *Adam's* Fall,

Bears his Father's sacred Name,
 New-born his Likeness from Above,
 Joint-Partaker with the Lamb
 Of all his Nature, Love.

XXII.

*But where Sin abounded, Grace did much more
 abound, Rom. v. 20.*

1 **T**HE Victory's won,
 And *Satan* is down;
 We now overcome,
 His Kingdom disown:
 The Seed of the Woman
 Hath bruised his Head,
 Hath made us that new Man,
 Which Love had decreed.

2 In *Adam* we lost
 Our *Eden* by Sin;
 But we now, thro' *Christ*,
 Again are brought in:
 The Vail it is torn,
 And Paradise gain'd:
 The Father hath sworn;
 His Promise shall stand.

3 Our Nature's releas'd
 From Sin, Death, and Hell;
Jehovah is pleas'd
 With Man for to dwell:

A fit Habitation,
 In Spirit, for God ;
 A blest, new Creation,
 Pronounc'd very good.

4 We mourn not the Hour
 That *Adam* did fall,
 When his Will and Pow'r
 Was forfeited all ;
 Nor are we now grieved,
 His Glory and Crown
 Could not be retrieved
 By Works of his own.

5 It was on this Ground,
 The Myst'ry of Grace
 Did much more abound,
 When *Jesus* took Place
 Of Man, the Offender,
 To die as our Sin ;
 And Righteousness render
 Compleat, and brought in.

6 By this was made known
 God's Nature as Love :
 This we, in his Son,
 For ever shall prove.
 By Means of Transgression,
 This Grace was reveal'd :
 This is our Confession,
 A Truth God has seal'd.

7 When *Adam* was pure,
 Yet mutable he :
 In *Jesus* more sure,
 Immutable we ;
 More highly exalted
 In *Christ* the God-man,
 Ne'er to be assaulted
 By *Satan* again.

XXIII.

*Because the Foolishness of God is wiser than Men,
 and the Weakness of God is stronger than Men,*
 1 Cor. i. 25.

1 **T**H Y Gospel, dear Lamb,
 Is Spirit and Life,
 Deliv'ring from Shame,
 The Bride, thy lov'd Wife ;
 Once lost, yet thy Blood hath
 Restor'd us again;
 God's Weakness, the Word faith,
 Is stronger than Men.

2 Thy Mysteries seem
 Confusion to speak ;
 And in Man's Esteem
 Thy Gospel is weak ;
 But mighty thro' Blood, 'twill
 Deliver us when
 The Weakness of God still
 Is stronger than Men.

- 3 Thy Instruments are
But low in Degree ;
'Tis always their Care
To glorify Thee ;
Through Blood they are holy,
Whilst none shall condemn :
God's Weakness most truly
Is stronger than Men.
- 4 Tho' rich, thou wast poor,
Tho' high, thou wast low ;
Thou empt'edst thy Store
Salvation to shew :
Thine infinite Blood, it
Deliver'd us then ;
The Weakness of God, it
Was stronger than Men.
- 5 All hail, thou dear Man,
The Weakness of God,
Thy Torment and Pain,
Thy Wounds, and thy Blood,
Declare thy Salvation :
We'll praise it again,
The Weakness of God, it
Is stronger than Men.

XXIV.

*Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given
me, be with me where I am, John xvii. 24.*

1 **T**HE Father's Love to Man so free,
Made us the Fulness of the Son:
The Son, he wills that we should be
With him, where e'er he is, as one.

2 In him a new Creation made,
No more to fail, but to endure;
Where we the Members, he the Head,
One Body, we're conceived pure.

3 In him, in his mysterious Birth,
Born in him as that holy Thing,
Whose Praise, as God espous'd to Earth,
The Angel Host with Joy did sing.

4 In him together circumcis'd,
When all our Filthiness of Flesh,
Which God in Holiness despis'd,
Was quite put off in Righteousness.

5 In him, in all the Works he wrought;
In him together crucify'd;
In him, as risen without Fault,
And in him fully glorify'd.

6 With

- 6 With him, where e'er he was, we were,
 In all Conditions still the same;
 With him, where e'er he is, we are,
 And as him pure and free from Blame.
- 7 In seeing him, ourselves we see,
 And all his Glory as our own;
 Our Joy is full, the Son is free,
 And *Jesus* wears th' eternal Crown.

XXV.

*For I determined not to know any Thing among you,
 save Jesus Christ and him crucified, 1 Cor. ii. 2.*

- 1 **W**HILST I celestial Themes pursue,
 How God, my *Saviour*, lov'd to Death;
 These Notes to me are ever new,
 And will be to my latest Breath.
- 2 Almighty Babe! in *Bethl'hem* born,
 The Object of my solemn Praise,
 Treated by Infidels with Scorn,
 But Life, and Soul of all my Joys.
- 3 Hail! everlasting Father, God,
 Debas'd, and in a Servant's Form;
 Thou conquer'dst by thy Wounds and Blood,
 In Likeness of a sinful Worm,

- 4 Dear Man of Sorrows, Thee we hail !
 Forsaken, Friendless, disesteem'd,
 Thy Griefs, and Blood, and Tears prevail,
 And have our Soul from Hell redeem'd.

- 5 All hail ! Thou agonizing God,
 Whose pregnant Veins were rack'd with Pain,
 In fervent Love, they burst with Blood,
 Descending as the early Rain.

- 6 Hail ! holy Lamb, to Slaughter led,
 Silent and guilty in our Stead,
 To Death by Man's Offence betray'd,
 Just as the Father's Love decreed.

- 7 With Shame and Ignominy us'd,
 Dragg'd by a Priest-rid Mob to Court,
 With cruel Mockings there abus'd,
Messiah, was the Clergy's Sport.

- 8 Condemn'd, and to the *Heathen* sent,
 They follow with their louder Cry ;
 Like Blood-hounds still upon the Scent,
 Infatiate 'till the *Saviour* die.

- 9 The Ploughers plough his sacred Flesh,
 Make long and bloody Furrows there,
 With Instruments of Pain they thresh,
 And merciless his Body tear.

10 His Praises shall be my Employ !

To pay my Debts, he drain'd his Store ;
That we, poor Worms, might sing for Joy,
Heav'n dying, bled at ev'ry Pore.

11 This is the highest Proof of Love !

The nature, bosom Love of God !
I rise to dwell in this Above,
Led by the Track of *Jesu's* Blood.

XXVI.

Blessed are the Dead, which die in the Lord,
Rev. xiv. 13.

1 **W**ITH solemn Shout we sing thy Praise,
Ancient of everlasting Days !
Thou daily gather'st Home thine own,
Who bear thy Cross, to wear thy Crown.

2 Let all rejoice, and no one grieve,
This Day we meet to take our Leave
Of our dear Brother's precious Dust,
Until the rising of the Just.

3 One with the Body of the Lamb,
Seal'd with *Emmanuel's* new Name,
A Member of his Flesh and Bone,
By Blood redeem'd, to Heav'n he's gone.

4 Whilst

- 4 Whilst here below, he knew the Lord,
And sanctify'd in God the Word ;
In him his Spirit now shall dwell,
A Conq'ror over Death and Hell.
- 5 See ! how he treads the Courts Above,
The Pavements of eternal Love,
Wond'ring he kneels, and hails that Blood,
Which reconcil'd his Heart to God.
- 6 Hark ! how he thunders *Jesu's* Name,
Before the Throne a burning Flame :
With the united Host he bows,
And no more Grief or Trouble knows.
- 7 Then mourn not o'er the lifeless Clay,
But wait the Resurrection-day,
When *Christ the Saviour* shall appear,
And he come with him in the Air.

XXVII.

*In Burnt-Offerings and Sacrifices for Sin, thou hadst
no Pleasure. Then said he, Lo ! I come to do
thy Will, O God, Heb. x. 6, 9.*

- 1 **W**HEN God would manifest his Grace
To Man that he might prove
The Glories of the Father's Face,
And feel his Nature, Love :

He said he would not Sacrifice,
 As offer'd by the Law ;
 All human Merit would despise,
 His Prefence thence withdraw.

2 Then said the *Saviour, Lo, I come*
To do thy Will, My God ;
 He brought his Sons and Daughters home
 By pouring out his Blood :
 That they with him might enter in
 To all the Heav'n of Love ;
 His Death did make an End of Sin,
 The Stumbling-block remove.

3 Thou Lord, a Body didst prepare,
 Thy own collected Seed,
 For him eternally to wear,
 And be the living Head.
 Obedient in this Body he
 Thy Counfel did fulfil,
 Did every Member purify,
 And do thy perfect Will.

4 This is the Happiness we prove,
 That we the Body are,
 Which our great Father in his Love,
 For *Jesus* did prepare :
 The Mystery of that conceiv'd
 Within the Virgin's Womb ;
 Which liv'd, and dy'd, and was receiv'd
 In Heav'n, rais'd from the Tomb.

5 With *Christ* in Soul and Body one,
 We evermore are blest ;
 Aspiring to the perfect Son,
 We enter perfect Rest ;
 Pre-eminence to him is giv'n,
 Yet in this glorious Plan,
 The Head and Members enter'd Heav'n,
 In one exalted Man.

XXVIII.

When it pleased God to reveal his Son in me, immediately I conferred not with Flesh and Blood,
 Gal. i. 15, 16.

1 **W**HEN God our Father's pleas'd
 For to reveal his Son,
 Immediately our Conscience eas'd
 Becomes his peaceful Throne.

2 Consult we then no more
 Our Senses, Flesh and Blood,
 But in the Day of heav'nly Pow'r
 Commence the Sons of God.

3 Included all in One,
 We now with Rapture tell,
 We're in the Father's only Son,
 In whom he's pleased well :

4 This doth our God make known
To mortal Worms below :
All other Matters we disown,
This only will we know.

5 We leave this World behind,
With all its Faith and Forms,
And live in the eternal Mind,
Free from all Hell's Alarms.

6 What Sense suggests we leave,
With Reason's doubtful Plan,
And in the Spirit's Power cleave
To *Christ*, the perfect Man.

XXIX.

*Come hither, and I will shew thee the Bride, the
Lamb's Wife, Rev. xxi. 9.*

1 **W**HEN blinded with Pride,
How vainly we try'd
To find upon Earth the Lamb's beautiful Bride.

2 Of Man we enquir'd,
For her we admir'd,
Whose Peace and Communion we greatly desir'd.

3 Some said we should find,
If we were inclin'd,
The Bride amongst Men of an orthodox Mind.

4 We fought amongst them,
The Bride of the Lamb,
But heard them contend, and their Brethren
condemn :

5 Their Hatred and Strife,
And bigotted Life,
Made us to conclude they were not the Lamb's
Wife.

6 Much griev'd and perplex'd,
We fought for her next
Where Practice of Piety's always the Text.

7 Of Holiness there
We always did hear,
And carefully watched to see it appear.

8 To witness their Grace,
Soft Words and Grimace,
Still dropt from the Tongue, and appear'd on
the Face.

9 Of Fasting and Pray'r,
Of watching with Care,
And proving Man's Piety by his Despair.

10 Of Gesture and Dress,
As Matters of Stress ;
The pow'rful Ingredients of Self-Righteousness.

11 Self-goodness and Pride,
And Evils beside,
The Beast upon which the Whore drunken doth
ride.

12 'Twas now we retir'd,
And deeply despair'd
To find upon Earth what we so much desir'd.

13 We fought her by Name,
As one without Blame :
For such is the Darling, the Spouse of the Lamb.

XXX.

The same.

1 **W**E're certainly sure,
And shall evermore,
That all the Religion of Man is impure.

2 An Angel of Death,
Who pours forth the Wrath
Of God, the Eternal, upon our vile Earth.

3 His Vial took up,
And pour'd out each Drop,
Our Flesh to consume thus he emptied his Cup.

4 Then spake, as new Life,
To end all my Strife,
Come hither, I'll shew thee the Bride, the Lamb's
Wife.

5 In Spirit he caught
Me, swift as a Thought,
From *Adam* the earthly he quickly me brought,

6 Up where the Lamb stands,
In the midst of his Friends ;
A Mountain whose Top above Heaven ascends.

7 Our Nature made clean,
As *Jesus* is seen,
Is th' holy high Mountain which I do here mean.

8 Brought here to abide,
I quickly espy'd,
In all her Adorning, the beautiful Bride.

9 Most glorious her Name,
And free from all Blame,
The holy *Jerusalem*, Wife of the Lamb.

10 From Heav'n coming down,
An eternal Renown,
As having the Glory of God for her own.

11 Most precious her Light,
As Jasper is bright,
Yea, clear as the Cryſtal appears to the Sight.

XXXI.

The ſame.

1 **D**eliver'd from Pain,
Lo! now I attain,
To know her I ſought for on Earth ſo in Vain.

2 The Bride's Purity,
I ſee thro' the Eye
Of her God and Huſband, who dwelleth on high.

3 In Spirit, now bold,
I plainly behold,
I am of this Body, O Wonder untold!

4 I now am at Peace;
I live in the Grace,
That keeps the Bride ever in th' Huſband's
Embrace.

5 My Praise ſhall abound
With heavenly Sound,
A Church now perfected in Love I have found!

6 My *Jefus* reveals,
 By op'ning the Seals
 To me, what from Thousands he ever conceals.

XXXII.

The Voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All Flesh is Grass, and all the Goodliness thereof is as the Flower of the Field. The Grass withereth, the Flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it—but the Word of our God shall stand for-ever, Isa. xl. 6, 7, 8.

1 **W**ond'rous Voice, which cries with Pow'r,
 All Flesh as Grass is mean;
 All its Good is as the Flow'r
 Which fades, and is not seen:
 Surely all the People's Grass;
 Nor is their Goodliness esteem'd:
 All their Work and Righteousness
 Are fading Flowers deem'd.

2 Blows the Spirit of our God,
 All fleshly Good is lost;
 Speaks with Pow'r the *Saviour's* Blood;
 Man's Glory sinks to Dust:
 Fails all Flesh before the Lord,
 And, with'ring, dies at his Command;
 Nought but God's eternal Word
 Shall in his Presence stand.

- 3 *Jesus* only shall endure,
 And nothing stand beside ;
 He, that Word of God most sure,
 In whom exists his Bride :
 Blest in him with perfect Peace,
 We cease from all our fleshly Good ;
 He came witnessing this Grace,
 By Water and by Blood.
- 4 Now is *Jesus* all in all,
 My Soul is satisfy'd ;
 All my Guilt, by *Adam's* Fall,
 Ceas'd when the *Saviour* dy'd ;
 With him I arose to Light,
 And glor'ous Immortality ;
 In him beauteous to the Sight
 Of sacred Deity.
- 5 O how wond'rous is the Grace !
 The Lamb accepted stands !
 In him shines the Father's Face
 On Souls from ev'ry Land :
 He our Captain, Prince, and Head,
 Foundation of this Truth divine ;
 All *Jehovah's* fav'rite Seed
 Collected in him shine.

XXXIII.

Behold the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the Book, and loose the Seals thereof. And I beheld a Lamb as it had been slain ; and he came and took the Book out of the right Hand of him who sat on the Throne, Rev. v. 5, 6, 7.

1 **W**HAT dazzling Glories strike mine Eye !
 How infinite the Mystery !
 What Truth divine doth God reveal,
 When Judah's Lion breaks the Seal !
 Expounds to Man that sacred Book,
 Which from the Father's Hand he took.

2 Long did this Secret lie conceal'd
 In God, nor was it yet reveal'd ;
 Nor Men, nor Angels could discern,
 Nor might the Father's Nature learn :
 Nor was there found a worthy One
 To take the Book, and look thereon.

3 But, to dispel our gloomy Fears,
 A Lamb with Marks of Death appears ;
 Deep Wounds, with Blood-exhausted Vein,
 Denoted that he had been slain :
 And in that wounded Form prevail'd
 To read the Book, tho' sev'n Times seal'd.

4 When

- 4 When ev'ry Seal is open broke,
And each attending Voice hath spoke,
An universal Silence reigns,
Whilst he the sacred Page explains :
Our Heav'n itself in Silence waits,
What the dear worthy Lamb relates.

XXXIV.

The same.

- 1 **C**HRIST's Birth and Circumcision too,
His Fasting and Temptation shew,
His Agony and bloody Sweat,
His wounded Heart and Torments great,
His Blood, his Death, and all shall prove
The Fulness of the Godhead-Love.
- 2 'Tis he who groans and cries aloud,
And weeps, and sighs, and hangs in Blood ;
'Tis as his Soul was put to Pain,
And as he was most sharply slain ;
That he is worthy to unseal
The Book of God, and all reveal.
- 3 Under this Form, we hear him preach,
And, by his Wounds, his Brethren teach,
That God is Love to favour'd Man,
And was ere Worlds or Time began ;
His Being, Name, and Nature, Love :
This calls us up to Worlds above.

4 Our Nature's Curse, our Sin and Pride,
Are now destroy'd, and all beside,
Which renders it unmeet for God ;
The Lamb hath purg'd us by his Blood :
Our Happiness he always wills,
And in us all his Joy fulfils.

XXXV.

*Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy
Calling ; not according to our Works, but ac-
cording to his own Purpose and Grace, which
was given us in Christ Jesus, before the World
began : But is now made manifest, by the Ap-
pearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, 2 Tim. i.
9, 10.*

1 **W**ond'rous the Grace which now we prove !
Led up to the Creator's Love,
With every perfect Spirit ;
The Nature, Love, and Life in God,
We soar to know, by *Jesu's* Blood,
And all its Blifs inherit :
Now seal'd,
And heal'd
Of our Blindness,
Thro' the Kindness
Of our Jesus,
Who from Sin did quite release us.



- 2 Our God so lov'd his Creature Man ;
He was before the World began
The first Word by him spoken :
Declared then his only Son
In Union with the Godhead one ;
A perfect Proof and Token
Of Grace
And Peace ;
All this Blessing,
Without ceasing,
To the Creature,
And that God did love their Nature.
- 3 Whilst all in Heav'n rejoic'd in this,
Tho' they but faintly saw the Bliss
Of human Exaltation ;
We, whom it most concern'd to know,
Were kept in Blindness here below,
By Sin from all Sensation.
Nor could,
Nor would
We believe it,
Nor receive it,
When he prov'd us,
Saying, Our Creator lov'd us.
- 4 The Father saw us sunk in Sin,
Our Nature spoiled, blind, unclean,
Unmeet for his enjoying ;
Resolv'd he was to work our Cure,
Resolv'd to make our Nature pure,
By all our Sins destroying :

Then

Then Love
Above,
Laid the Scheme, of
What's the Theme of
All the blessed,
Who are of their God cared.

5 The Father sends his only Son ;
Yea, comes himself to Worms undone ;
Is found in all our Fashion ;
Thro' all our Reputation's Loss,
He tracks us to the shameful Cross,
And feels us in his Passion.
We fell
To Hell ;
He o'er took us,
Nor forsook us ;
But redeem'd us,
And as his own Heav'n esteem'd us.

XXXVI.

The same.

1 **H**OW deep was that which *Christ* sustain'd,
When in his Soul and Body pain'd,
He sigh'd, and wept, and roar'd ;
From many Wounds a second Flood
Springs forth, which drowns the World in Blood!
By which we are assured,

P

His

His Pain's
Our Gain ;
For he died
Greatly tried,
As our Folly ;
Our Offence there ceases wholly.

2 From Sin and Sinner's Curse he rose
Triumphant over all his Foes,
And thus restor'd our Nature ;
And in that Nature every Child
To Godhead fully reconcil'd,
Receiv'd their Father's Feature :
Fully
Holy,
In his Likeness
Are his Brightness ;
Each begotten,
Bears his Image who begot him.

3 Now, through the *Saviour's* Blood, we prove
The Father's Heart and Nature Love,
And all our Warfare finish'd ;
Nor Good, nor Bad, as wrought by Man,
Availeth here ; nor is this Plan
Added to or diminish'd :
Our Bliss
Is this :
Jesus lives us
Freely gives us
(True the Story)
All his Sonship, Fruits and Glory.

XXXVII.

In the Beauties of Holiness from the Womb of the Morning, thou hast the Dew of thy Youth, Ps. cx. 3.

1 **W**HAT Glories surrounding my Saviour
I see !

What Beauties triumphant, my *Jesus* in Thee !
What Glory, or Power may with Thee compare,

Or thy Generation, what Tongue can declare ?
The Heavens are silent and cannot decide,
This Mystery only belongs to the Bride.

2 Thou hast, my dear *Saviour*, in Glory and
Truth,

From the Womb of the Morning, the Dew of
thy Youth :

The Morning of Love, eternal and bright,

• With Honour bedew'd thee, and nourish'd
thee right ;

When secretly thou wast existing above,

In God, as the Word, and the Son of his Love.

3 Thine Off-spring for Number as Sands on the
Shore,

Or Morning Dew Drops on the Earth scatter'd
o'er,

Were

Were then as thy Mystery, Fulness and Truth,
 All gather'd in thee as the Dew of thy Youth :
 In thee as thy Splendor of Youth did we shine ;
 In Beauties of Holiness, Godlike, divine.

4 And when we had fallen from Heaven to
 Earth,

And could not return there, but thro' a new
 Birth ;

Our Nature as spoil'd, in *Adam* who fell,
 As sunk in our Reason and Senses to Hell,
 We then were in Myst'ry preserved in thee ;
 Our Earthy tho' fallen, our Heavenly was free.

5 As the second *Adam* then didst thou appear,
 The Lord from on High for to banish our Fear ;
 Thou found'st us sunk in the earthy lost Man,
 And him thou assumedst to finish the Plan,
 That Plan where 'twas fix'd that Transgression
 should cease,
 And all our Creation restor'd to thy Peace.

6 This hast thou effected by shedding thy Blood,
 Hast brought back our Nature in Union with
 God.

From the earthy Man thou hast set us free,
 Hast brought us to live and to triumph in thee.
 'Tis here we receive our Intelligence sure,
 Of our Preservation in thee always pure.

XXXVIII.

To the Intent that now unto the Principalities and Powers in heavenly Places, might be known, by the Church, the manifold Wisdom of God, Eph. iii. 10.

1 **W**HO can say what Glories lie
Hid in *Jesu's* Mystery?

What the Birth he had from God?

What the Riches of his Blood?

O, thou favour'd Bride!

Honour'd when thy Lover dy'd;

With a Proof of Love divine,

Say, how all he is, is thine.

2 My Belov'd, the holy One,
Our eternal Father's Son,
Always did in God exist,
Ere he was declar'd the *Christ*:

Secret of the Lord,

God's internal formed Word,

His eternal Thought of Man,

Now reveal'd in Gospel Plan.

3 This lay hid till Lust conceiv'd,
Bringing forth what soon bereav'd
Man of all his Righteousness,
Life, and Soul, and Happiness;
Then was that reveal'd,
Which so long had been conceal'd,

How

How that heavenly Man our Head,
Was the Church's Root and Seed.

- 4 He our faithful Seed and true,
Root divine on which we grew,
Sould restore our blasted Tree,
Set our captive Nature free ;
Thus preserv'd in him,
He was destined to redeem
Us from Sin and *Satan's* Pow'r,
Our Intelligence restore.

XXXIX.

The same.

- 1 **T**O redeem our Souls he comes,
And our earthy Man assumes ;
All his Image fully bears,
All his Curse, and Sin, and Fears,
Sunk to all his Hell ;
Follow'd him where e'er he fell,
Careful still for to expose
Sin to all deserved Woes.
- 2 Thro' his Side and pierced Heart ;
Thro' each nervous tender Part,
The awaken'd Sword of God,
Bath'd in Heav'n, in Sinners Blood.
O ! the Mystery,
Thro' his Body's Agony,

The

The Battle enter'd to his Soul,
Floods of Wrath did o'er him roll.

3 Sweat, and Blood, and streaming Wounds,
Cover him, whilst dreadful Sounds
Rend the frighted Atmosphere,
Piercing ev'ry hearing Ear :
Most confused Noise !

Now we hear the Conq'ror's Voice ;
Then deep Groans and horrid Yell,
All the wild uproar of Hell.

4 See the Battle fiercer grow ;
Blood in mighty Torrents flow ;
Quakes the Earth, and rends the Rocks,
Nature feels tremendous Shocks,
Whilst the Sun, by Flight,
Speaks the near approach of Night ;
Bury'ng all the Conq'rors Wrath
In the vanquish'd Rebels Death.

XL.

The same.

1 **A**LL is hush, the Battle's o'er !
Darkness reigns in purple Gore ;
Each Intelligence intent
Trembling waits the great Event.
All are in Suspense——
Here I'll stay, nor wander hence,

'Till

'Till the Day-spring from on High
Speaks, who gain'd the Victory.

- 2 See a Gleam of Light appears !
Combats now my Hope and Fears ;
Now the heav'nly Glory's come ;
O ! who starts from yonder Tomb,
Cover'd all with Blood,
Pale and wounded ? 'Tis my God !
'Tis the Man who conqu'ring fell,
Dying, vanquish'd Death and Hell !
- 3 Heav'nly Laurels crown his Head !
Sin, and Hell, and Death are dead ;
The old Serpent's Head is broke ;
Heav'n by Violence is took.
Hail ! thou conq'ring Heart ;
Thou my new Creation art :
Hail ! my Flesh, and Bone, and Blood ;
Hail ! myself, redeem'd to God.
- 4 I in him, and he in me,
Perfect one in Mystery ;
With him, where, and as he is,
Fully enter'd into Bliss :
There shall I abide,
In my Nature purify'd :
Here I enter perfect Rest :
The Father's Praise, his King and Priest.

XLI.

And he that sat upon the Throne said, Behold, I make all Things new—And he said unto me, It is done ; I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, Rev. xxi. 5, 6.

1 **W**HEN favour'd *John* beheld
The Visions of the Lord,
With Admiration fill'd,

He heard the Father's Word
Revealing what his Purpose was,
And what his Love should bring to pass.

2 Thus spake the sov'reign Lord,
Whilst on his Throne he sat,
“ Hear ye my faithful Word ;
“ Behold I will create,
“ And make all Things in Love anew :
“ Write thou these Words, for they are true.”

3 When God had thus declar'd
The secret of his Will,
The Man who was prepar'd
His Counsel to fulfil,
Emphatically spake to *John*,
And said, “ Behold, the Work is done :

4 “ For I the *Alpha* am,
“ And the *Omega* too ;

Q

“ You,

“ You, in this sacred Name,
 “ The finish’d Work may view :
 “ I, the Beginning and the End
 “ Of all the Joys which you attend.”

- 5 The Father’s great Decree
 In him is now fulfill’d ;
 In Spirit there we see
 All Things are reconcil’d,
 And made conformable to God,
 Wash’d from all Filth in *Jesu’s* Blood.
- 6 New Heav’ns and Earth we spy,
 With Hearts of God inspir’d,
 Which ancient Prophecy
 Foretold, and Saints desir’d :
 That *Jesus* is this Grace, is true,
 Where old Things cease, and all is new.
- 7 New Nature, pure, divine,
 New Testament and Plan,
 New Glories on us shine,
 In *Christ* the heav’nly Man ;
 Our old Man he was crucify’d,
 And lost from us when *Jesus* dy’d.
- 8 ’Tis done, we’re made anew,
 And our Intelligence
 Receives the Record true ;
 In Spirit we commence
 That perfect Man, who did proclaim
 The first and last to be his Name.

XLII.

And his Name shall be called W O N D E R F U L ,
Isa. ix. 6.

1 **W** O N D E R F U L thy Name we call,
 And wonderful thou art !

We, in Spirit, prostrate fall,
 And hail thy wounded Heart !
 Thou hast us redeem'd to God,
 From ev'ry Nation, Kindred, Tongue ;
 Thou hast wash'd us in thy Blood,
 And taught us the new Song.

2 *Jesus* only is the Lord,
 He only holy is ;
Jesus is by us ador'd,
 He is our perfect Bliss ;
 We in him, and he in us,
 Thro' all his Wounds, and Death, and Blood,
 In one Body on the Cross
 Were perfected to God.

3 Thou, O *Christ*, in *Zion* prais'd,
 Whom we our *Saviour* call,
 In the Godhead's Glory rais'd
 Above the Heavens all :
 Thee we hail, thou Prince of Heav'n !
 'Tis thee we hail, thou faithful Heart !
 Thou thyself to us hast giv'n ;
 All hail our better Part !

- 4 Worthy is the holy Lamb,
 Pre-eminence is giv'n ;
 Greatly glorious is his Name,
 Above the highest Heav'n !
 Yet he names on us his Name,
 And boldly owns the Brotherhood,
 Calls us Brethren without Shame,
 And us presents to God.

XLIII.

*The Answer of a good Conscience towards God, by
 the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, 1 Pet. iii. 21.*

- 1 **W**HAT Beauties divine
 In *Jesus* do shine !
 And yet all I see, I, with Boldness, call mine.

- 2 With him crucify'd,
 When *Jesus* he dy'd,
 My Nature was purg'd, and to God purify'd.

- 3 To me it is plain
 When *Jesus* was slain,
 Eternal Redemption he then did obtain.

- 4 From Bondage and Chains,
 From Sin and Hell-pains,
 Redemption of all in one Man he obtains.

5 Baptiz'd into him,
Who did me redeem,
His Person and Glories are my constant Theme.

6 For all of the Lamb
I rightfully claim,
To rest in his Fulness of Stature I aim.

7 The Father makes known
What he hath bestown
On *Christ*, and instructs me to call it my own.

XLIV.

The same.

1 **N**OR Reason, nor Sense
Knows how I commence
The Man that is perfect, and free from Offence.

2 And yet what I say
Is Truth, and the Way
To Rest that is glorious, tho' Reason say nay.

3 In *Jesus* as clean
My Spirit's brought in,
Where I shall no more have a Conscience of Sin.

4 My Conscience is pure
In *Jesus*, and sure
Of answering in Peace towards God evermore.

5 This

5 This deep Holiness,
Which now I possess,
Is not by my cleansing the Filth of the Flesh.

6 My Conscience it saith,
It is by the Faith
Of *Christ's* Resurrection, from Sin, Hell, and
Death.

7 In *Jesus* complete,
My Brethren I'll greet ;
All hail, happy People, our Honours are great !

XLV.

*For he hath made him to be Sin for us, who knew
no Sin, that we might be made the Righteousness
of God in him, 2 Cor. 5. 21.*

1 **W**hilst I shall track the Depth of Love,
Which so transparently doth shine,
No more in Reason's Path I rove,
To search the Mystery divine.
From all that's sensual flies my Heart,
And enters deep Infinity,
With Spirits blest to bear a Part,
In one melodious Harmony.

2 Helpless in Infancy I see,
In likeness of a sinful Worm,

Reduc'd

Reduc'd to Shame and Poverty,
 My God in most despis'd Form :
 He liv'd but until the eighth Day,
 Ere he commenc'd the suff'ring Lamb,
 By holy sign to put away
 Our Flesh Pollutions, and our Shame.

3 Our spreading Filth contracted close,
 Within the Compass of a Span,
 Affrights the Child from calm Repose,
 To feel the Misery of Man :
 His Life was painful, void of Rest,
 Full of Reproach, Contempt and Scorn ;
 With weighty Griefs and Woes oppress'd,
 Till all Chastisements be had borne.

4 The more in Years he did increase,
 The more its Pressure he did feel,
 Till Time drew near when Sin should cease,
 And he his Testament should seal ;
 Then Sin and *Satan* had the Sway,
 To vex, accuse him, and condemn,
 Whilst God did all his Wrath display,
 To end all Sin, and Man redeem.

5 Thy Conflicts in thine Agony,
 When strengthen'd by a kind Support,
 Shews how our pond'rous Load did lie
 With Anguish on thy very Heart ;
 Trembling beneath our Curse and Woe,
 With Groans in most excessive Pain,

Thy

Thy bloody Sweat, like Rivers flow,
Collected from descending Rain.

6 Now see him destin'd to the Cross,
With dreadful Horror sore oppress'd,
There Sin sustain'd its endless Loss,
And all Transgression there hath ceas'd.
High as an Ensign there he hangs,
In Blood, by Heav'n and Earth forsook;
All Nature groan'd in dreadful Pangs,
And Earth's Foundations rudely shook.

7 His Life expiring with a Groan,
His Soul starts from his Body torn;
The Bride came to her native Home,
From all his Wounds renew'd and born:
'Tis finish'd! loud the Echo sounds,
Our ransom Price is fully paid;
The Father's pleas'd to see those Wounds,
Where Sin is slain, and Vengeance staid.

8 His lifeless Body drain'd of Blood,
Then was fulfill'd that faithful Word,
Spoken of old by Men of God;
How Nature spoil'd, should be restor'd;
'Twas done when *radiant* he arose
Triumphant over Death and Hell;
Then in him rose the darling Spouse,
With him in all his Bliss to dwell.

9 God's royal Cloathing now are we,
And he hath mark'd us with his Name,
Together

Together with the Son made free,
 For-ever perfect, without Blame.
 One Life, one Joy with him we have :
 Whilst in this World's bewilder'd Maze,
 We nothing more desire or crave,
 Incessantly we *Jesus* praise !

XLVI.

*Arise, shine ; for thy Light is come, and the Glory
 of the Lord is risen upon thee, Isa. lx. 1.*

1 **W**E now arise, the Light is come,
 The Glory of the Lord appears ;
 No more in Darkness may we roam,
 Expos'd to Guilt and many Fears.

2 The Day-spring glorious from on high,
 Beams forth in Brightness all divine ;
 Our nightly Fears and Troubles die,
 Whilst we in perfect Beauty shine.

3 The Godhead's Glory rising bright
 On us, in *Christ* the heav'nly Man,
 Declares us perfect in his Sight,
 Whilst we admire the gracious Plan.

4 What e'er we lost we here regain ;
 The End of all our Toil is come,
 Nor Sin, nor Curse doth now remain,
 We rest in God our native Home.

- 5 We now no Consciouſneſs retain
Of Sin, no nor of Righteouſneſs,
Demonſtrate as what doth remain
In us, to Comfort or Diſtreſs.
- 6 But all the Conſciouſneſs we have,
Of what Condition we are in,
Is after *Chriſt*, rais'd from the Grave,
A Conq'ror over Hell and Sin.
- 7 There in our Nature greatly bleſt,
And purg'd from ev'ry Ill, thro' Blood,
Our Conſcience finds eternal Reſt,
And answers peacefully to God.

XLVII.

The ſame.

- 1 **H**ERE ſhall no Trouble or Diſmay
Reach us, nor Want, nor Sin, nor Shame,
For *Chriſt* To-day and Yeſterday,
And to Eternity's the ſame.
- 2 Here conſummate in Joy and Peace,
We hail that wounded, bleeding Heart,
Where, ſav'd from Sin, we'll never ceaſe
To praiſe the Lamb our better Part.

- 3 Now all Things in one Period turn ;
 Sin dare no more to show its Head ;
 No more we want, nor sigh, nor mourn,
 On ev'ry Foe we conqu'ring tread.
- 4 The End is come, God hath appear'd,
 Assum'd our Flesh, and Blood, and Bone ;
 The Body, in his Love, prepar'd,
 Is that where *Christ* and we are one.
- 5 O Death ! where's now thy Sting and Curse ?
 Where's now thy boasted Pow'r and Might ?
 We feel no more the dread Remorse,
 Nor can thy Terrors us affright.
- 6 Glory to our incarnate God !
 We're fav'd in him, the Work is done ;
 He leads us, by the *Saviour's* Blood,
 Up to the Glories of his Throne.

XLVIII.

*He that spared not his own Son, but deliver'd him
 up for us all ; how shall he not with him freely
 give us all Things ? Rom. viii. 32.*

1 **W**E now with Gladness tell,
 What Proof our God hath giv'n,
 That we with him shall ever dwell
 Above the highest Heav'n.

2 That

- 2 That our Creator's Love,
Essentially, to Man ;
His Dealings with us fully prove,
Thro' all the Christian Plan.
- 3 Such was his Love to us,
He freely gave his Son
To suffer Death upon the Cross,
And, bleeding, there atone.
- 4 For us he made him Sin,
Then pierc'd him to the Heart ;
This to destroy, the Spear went in,
For this he bare his Smart.
- 5 Beneath the pond'rous Load
His sinking Spirit fell,
From Heav'n, his high and blest Abode,
To the Confines of Hell.
- 6 His Soul with Anguish rent,
His Head with Trouble bow'd ;
He gave his unknown Sorrows vent,
And, roaring, cry'd aloud.
- 7 His Sighs, and Tears, and Groans,
His inward Torments speak ;
His Struggles hard, with piteous Moans,
'Till all his Heart-strings break.

8 His loud and piercing Cry,
Effect of Pain and Fear,
Did, as the choicest Melody,
Salute the Father's Ear.

9 Not Songs of Morning-Stars,
Nor Angels highest Praise,
Could so delight his holy Ears,
Or like Harmony raise.

10 Such was the Love of God,
Commended towards us ;
Such was the Pleasure which he had
In Sin's Destruction thus.

XLIX.

The same.

1 **T**HE Father's holy Eye
Beheld his Son in Blood,
With Pleasure infinitely high,
Peculiar to a God.

2 Nor did (when Time began)
That Work pronounc'd so good,
Appear so pleasing as this Man,
Adorn'd with Wounds and Blood.

3 This

- 3 This Sign and Token giv'n,
Sufficiently doth prove,
Without another Sign from Heav'n,
That God, our Father's Love.
- 4 Here all our Sin hath ceas'd ;
Our Joys are here secure ;
Our Nature from the Curse releas'd,
Thro' *Jesu's* Death is pure.
- 5 Then was our Heav'n brought in,
And we were fav'd from Guilt,
When *Christ* in Character of Sin,
Annihilation felt.

L.

*For ye know the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
that, though he was rich, yet for your Sakes he
became poor, that ye, through his Poverty, might
be rich, 2 Cor. viii. 9.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, how glorious is thy Grace !
How excellent thy Name !
Unclouded Heavens in thy Face,
Thou venerable Lamb.
- 2 Tho' thou wast rich in Angel's Songs,
Thou willingly wast born
To feel the Rage of mortal Tongues,
Their Ridicule and Scorn.

3 Tho'

- 3 Tho' thou wast rich in Pow'r supreme,
Yet didst thou condescend,
From Worms of Earth to suffer Shame,
And Insults from the Fiend.
- 4 Tho' thou wast rich in Righteousness,
Divinely pure within ;
Yet didst thou feel Hell's deep Distress,
When made our Curse and Sin.
- 5 Tho' thou wast infinitely high
And rich, yet didst thou take
The deepest Shame and Poverty,
And for the Sinner's sake :
- 6 That, thro' thy Poverty and Loss,
We might be rich and blest ;
And, by the Labours of thy Cross,
Might gain eternal Rest.
- 7 Inrich'd by all thy Loss and Smart,
Thy Heav'n's on Man bestow'd ;
Witness'd, when from thy bleeding Heart
The Blood and Water flow'd.
- 8 Our dearest Lord, we bless thy Grace,
Thy wond'rous Love admire ;
To see the Beauties of thy Face,
May all the World desire.

- 9 Live *Jesus*, live for-ever more,
 Whilst all the Sons of God
 Thy glorious Person shall adore,
 And bless thy Grace and Blood.

LI.

In his Humiliation, his Judgment was taken away,
Acts viii. 33.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy Beauties I explore !
 Who am a helpless Worm ;
 Adoring now and evermore
 Thy crucified Form.
- 2 When on thy Cross, my dearest Lord,
 What Love didst thou display !
 Eternal Annals shall record
 The great, uncommon Day.
- 3 Down low, beneath the Wrath of Heav'n,
 Thy troubled Soul did bow ;
 Humiliation deeply grav'n
 Upon thy bleeding Brow.
- 4 My God ! my God ! was then thy Cry,
 Why hast thou me forsook ?
 Nature, replying with a Sigh,
 In strong Convulsions shook.

- 5 More marr'd than any Man's thy Face,
 Thy Judgment's took away ;
 Nor Men, nor Angels then could trace
 Thy Mystery, thy Day.
- 6 Thou didst, when in the Depths of Hell,
 An awful Silence keep ;
 No Tongue like thine can ever tell
 The Horrors of the Deep.
- 7 Strong Pains of Death encompass'd Thee,
 And hellish Pangs were felt,
 That thou might'st set thy Children free
 From all their Sin and Guilt.
- 8 Tho' *Satan* once did us enslave,
 Now thou hast bruis'd his Head ;
 And in thyself didst fully save
 Thy lov'd, thy royal Seed.
- 9 Hence everlasting Praise belongs
 To thee our God and King :
 Do thou but influence our Songs,
 And we will ever sing.

LII.

*Comfort ye, comfort ye my People, saith your God :
 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem ; and cry unto
 her, that her Warfare is accomplished, that her
 Iniquity is pardoned ; for she hath received, at
 the Lord's Hand, double for all her Sins, Isa.
 xl. 1. 2.*

1 **C**omfort ye my, comfort ye my
 People, saith your God ;
 Comfortably speak ye to her,
 (Shout and Cry aloud) ;
 Tell her that her Warfare's o'er,
 Tell her that her Vict'ry's sure ;
 Sin, nor Wrath, nor second Death,
 Shall ne'er o'ertake her more.

2 Sin is pardon'd, &c,
 God the Word did give ;
 The most harden'd, &c.
 Now shall hear and live :
 She receiv'd, to make her clean,
 (From his Hand for ev'ry Sin)
 Grace and Trouble, fully double ;
 Joy ye Sons of Men !

3 Glorious *Jesus*, &c.
 Thou art lifted high ;
 That shall please us, &c.
 To Eternity :

What these Tidings good contain,
Thy dear Blood and Wounds explain :
Never-ending Love ! descending
By thy Smart and Pain.

4 All our Warfare, &c.
Thou'lt accomplish'd well ;
Bravely conquer'd, &c.
Sin, and Death, and Hell :
Thee we hail, thou King of Heav'n !
Thou thy all to us hast giv'n ;
In thy Blood, our Lord and God,
We find our holy Leav'n.

5 Thy Soul-Trouble, &c.
Suff'ring in our Room,
's more than double, &c.
Adam's awful Doom :
All the Plenitude of Grace
Fills thy sweet, thy lovely Face ;
More abounding, deeper founding,
Than our sinful Case.

6 Thy Condition, &c.
Fully is our own ;
No Ambition, &c.
This, but truly known ;
What the Members all may know :
Living in their Head, they'll grow
Up to this, the Source of Bliss,
Where endless Comforts flow.

7 Holy Saviour, &c.

Glorious is thy Name !

Each Believer, &c.

Sing, the bleeding Lamb :

Ever may thy Glories shine !

Worthy thou, the Lamb divine !

Glorious Praise, Ancient of Days,

Be ever, ever thine.

LIII.

We have not an High-Priest, who cannot be touched with a Feeling of our Infirmities, Heb. iv. 15.

1 **M**Y dearest Lamb, who bear'st my Grief,
Thy Sympathy affords Relief
To thy poor, drooping Bride :
Thy Blood, as Wine, shall cheer my Heart ;
I'll draw my Ease from all thy Smart,
And from thy pierced Side.

2 When thy poor Church grows tir'd and faint,
And, overburden'd, makes Complaint
Of some tremendous Load,
Which sinks her Mind in Heaviness,
And all her inward Pow'rs distress,
As with an absent God.

3 Thou say'st, thou hast been tempted fore,
In ev'ry Point like her, and more ;
Witness the shameful Cross :
Now touch'd with ev'ry feeling Sense
Of what can give thy Bride Offence ;
Hence she sustains no Loss.

4 If in the Dust she fainting sit,
Washing her loving *Saviour's* Feet
With her o'erflowing Tears ;
Thou gently dost her Spirit raise,
Filling her Heart with Songs of Praise,
And banishing her Fears.

5 Thou canst not see us weep alone,
But Sigh for Sigh, and Groan for Groan,
With us thou bear'st a Part ;
Whilst pants the Soul, with throbbing Breast,
With equal Sympathy oppress'd,
We feel thy loving Heart.

LIV.

*By Night on my Bed, I sought him whom my Soul
loveth, Cant. iii. 1.*

1 **D**ear'est *Jesus*, tho' unseen,
My believing Heart must love thee ;
Poor, despis'd *Nazarene*,
A kind and constant Friend I prove thee ;
Sinking in thy balmy Name,
O, how I love my dearest Lamb.

- 2 Night and Day I vent my Sighs,
Languishing to see my Saviour :
With warm Heart and wond'ring Eyes,
I'd view my dying God for-ever :
Here I always would abide ;
O, this I choose, and nought beside !
- 3 Like the widow'd Turtle-Dove,
I, dear, lovely Man, adore thee ;
Pants my Soul quite faint with Love,
Singing, " O my Love, restore me
" To thy Presence, sweet and free ;
" O, how I long to be with thee !"
- 4 O'er the Hills I see him come,
Swift as darts the piercing Lightning,
Scatters all my horrid Gloom ;
All my Joys are quick and brightning :
Welcome, welcome, dearest Lamb ;
O, how his Presence feeds my Flame !
- 5 Praise shall my glad Lips employ,
Praise shall all my Pow'rs enliven,
To the Fountain of my Joy,
Jesus, Prince of Earth and Heaven :
He is mine, and I am his ;
O, he's my Glory and my Bliss !

*Make haste, my Beloved ; and be thou like to a
Roe, or to a young Hart, upon the Mountains of
Spices, Cant. viii. 14.*

- 1 **M**Y Beloved ! haste away,
Sick of Love, for thee I languish ;
Fails my Soul at thy Delay,
Feels a dying Lover's Anguish :
Quickly, quickly, *Jesus* come,
O make my Breast thy native Home.
- 2 Ev'ry Moment seems an Age,
'Till thy Presence shall relieve me,
'Till thy Smiles my Woes assuage,
And thine Absence no more grieve me :
Quickly, &c.
- 3 Great the Force and Power of Love,
Whence springs all my strong Desires ;
I, thy Presence, Lord, to prove,
Burn, consum'd, with inward Fires:
Quickly, &c.
- 4 Honour, Wealth, and Ease I scorn,
Trifles, by the World approv'd ;
To superior Joys I'm born,
Cent'ring in my Well-belov'd :
Quickly, &c.

- 5 O'er the spicy Mountains fly
 Hart and Roe, yea Winds out-stripping;
 Whilst thou tarry'st, Love, I die,
 Sighing, longing, loving, weeping;
 Quickly, quickly, *Jesus* come,
 O make my Breast thy native Home.

LVI.

Who against Hope believed in Hope, Rom. iv. 18.

- 1 **W**HEN I behold my bleeding God,
 Each Mountain seems a Plain;
 But if I e'er forget his Blood,
 The Mountains rise again.

- 2 What means my inbred Sense, so rude,
 To war against my Peace?
 Or why should Reason bold intrude
 Upon a *Saviour's* Grace?

- 3 What tho' my Senses loudly say,
 I have nor Faith, nor Love;
 Nor am I in the living Way
 That leads to Realms above?

- 4 What if to increase still my Grief,
 It summons Lust and Pride,
 Hardness of Heart, and Unbelief,
 And all my Ills beside:

5 And, from the Whole, would witness this,
 Thou art devoid of Grace ;
 How canst thou hope, in Worlds of Blifs,
 To see the *Saviour's* Face ?

6 To this, the Witness of my Lord,
 (Greater than all in me),
 Replies, in his unerring Word,
 The *Saviour's* Grace is free.

7 The Man who works not, but believes
 On him who justifies
 Ungodly Souls, in *Christ* receives
 The Life that never dies.

8 Our *Saviour* full Atonement made,
 When for our Sins he dy'd ;
 And, when he left Death's gloomy Shade,
 Our Persons justify'd.

9 Who shall condemn ? 'twas *Jesus* dy'd,
 'Twas *Jesus* rose again ;
 He with himself hath justify'd
 The sinful Sons of Men.

10 In Hope of what in *Christ* I am,
 Rejoicing, I believe,
 Against my hopeless Guilt and Shame,
 And thus, by Faith, I live.

LVII.

*The World is crucified unto me, and I unto the
World, Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 **F**arewel, vain World, from thee I cease,
Having survey'd thee round ;
Thy Honour, Wealth, thy Joy and Peace,
I've now a Bubble found.
- 2 Thou hast disown'd and hated me,
Whilst I to please thee strove ;
Now I disown and flee from thee,
And from thy hated Love.
- 3 To me thy Rage, and cruel Hate,
In infant Years began ;
Nor did it in the least abate,
When I grew up to Man.
- 4 Thro' Disappointments all my Days,
I've been by thee oppress'd :
Yea, curs'd and cross'd in all the Ways,
Where other Men were blest.
- 5 The Good I fought, was still deny'd
By thee, vain World, with Scorn,
Until my Soul, in Anguish cry'd,
O Lord, why was I born ?

- 6 Then, lifting up my weeping Eye,
 I saw my *Saviour* stand,
 Array'd in glorious Majesty,
 The Balance in his Hand.
- 7 This World, and all its Glories high,
 He weigh'd with prudent Care,
 Against the lightest Vanity,
 And found it lighter far.
- 8 His Love-Designs he made me know :
 Then that fictitious Dream,
 This World, with all the painted Show,
 Flew up and kick'd the Beam.
- 9 Now art thou crucify'd to me ;
 Yet I've sustain'd no Loss :
 And I am crucify'd to thee,
 Thanks to my *Saviour's* Cross !
- 10 No more deluded by thy Smiles,
 Nor crush'd beneath thy Frown ;
 My *Jesus* blasts thy Cobweb Wiles,
 And gives the glorious Crown.

LVIII.

The Lord himself shall give you a Sign, behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, Isa. vii. 14.

- 1 **W**E celebrate the Praise to Day,
Of Godhead manifest in Clay,
And of a Woman born!
The promis'd Son to us is giv'n,
The Glories of indulgent Heav'n,
Our Nature doth adorn.
- 2 Let it be told to distant Lands,
How softly wrapp'd in Swaddling-Bands,
And in a Manger laid,
Was he, whom we with Joy confess,
The glorious Lord, our RIGHTEOUSNESS!
Born of the favour'd Maid.
- 3 Long did the Saints with Ardour sigh
To see his Day, and thus did cry,
Desire of Nations come:
More blest are we who see and prove
The Fulness of the Father's Love,
Born from the Virgin's Womb!
- 4 The Lord himself hath giv'n the Sign
Of richest Grace, and love divine,
Promis'd of old to Man;
How that a *Virgin should conceive*:
The wond'rous Tidings we believe,
And praise her first-born Son.

- 5 We join with Angel-Hosts to cry,
 Glory to God, to God on high ;
 Peace on rebellious Earth :
 To Man Good-will abounds from Heav'n ;
 The Proof of all is richly giv'n
 In this mysterious Birth !
- 6 What Things are these which Angels say ?
 A *Saviour* born ! yea, born to Day,
 In *David's* native Town :
 A *Saviour*, *who is Christ the Lord* ;
 For so declares the heavenly Word ;
 Hear, wonder, and bow down !
- 7 The *Wonderful*, the holy Child,
 The *everlasting Father* stil'd,
 The *mighty God* art thou ;
 The *Counsellor*, the *Prince of Peace*,
 Whose glorious Kingdom ne'er shall cease,
 Nor Wars, nor Tumults know.
- 8 The Cloud on our Nativity
 Dispels in this thy Mystery,
 Thou holy, undefil'd :
 Our sinful Nature's born again
 In this thy Birth, without a Stain,
 And can no more be spoil'd.

LIX.

We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is,
1 John iii. 2.

- 1 **B**Y Grace we know, to us it's clear,
When *Christ*, our *Saviour*, shall appear.
We shall be like him, O what Blifs !
For we shall see him as he is.
- 2 When as he is we him descry,
In Spirit's Light and Mystery ;
Unnumber'd Beauties in him shine,
Beauties of God and Man divine :
- 3 Beauties of Holiness and Grace,
Adorn our *Saviour's* lovely Face ;
Eternal Truth and Righteousness
Doth he in Purity possess.
- 4 When as he is we him do see,
From ev'ry Spot and Wrinkle free :
How glorious is the worthy Lamb !
How venerable is his Name !
- 5 But, O what glorious Grace is this !
That when we see him as he is,
We see ourselves, and are assur'd
That we are like our dearest Lord.

- 6 As we his mystic Fulness are,
He gives us each a Member's Share
In all his Grace: The favour'd Bride
Is with his Likeness satisfy'd.
- 7 *Jesus*, enough, we're as thou art!
With this great Truth we ne'er will part;
Each Member here is as the Head,
Each as its Lord is perfected.
- 8 But yet, as Crystals pure transmit
Their Lustre whence they borrow it:
From thee, O *Christ*, we all receive;
To thee we all the Glory give.
- 9 What yet shall gloriously advance
Our Joys, is thy Pre-eminence;
'Tis Heav'n to see thee wear the Crown,
And prostrate at thy Feet fall down.

LX.

*Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given
him a Name above every Name, Phil. ii. 9,
10, 11.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou highest, loveliest Name
Of all on Earth or Heav'n,
The blest Reward of all thy Shame,
By thy great Father giv'n.

- 2 Because thou didst thy Heavens bow,
Thy People's ancient Suit ;
Cam'st down in Servant's Form, so low,
As Loss of all Repute.
- 3 In Fashion as that fallen Race,
Whose Offspring are but Grass,
Thou took'st the meanest servile Place
In all their lowest Class :
- 4 Becam'st obedient unto Death,
Nor could'st, nor would'st thou flee ;
But humbly didst resign thy Breath
Upon the shameful Tree !
- 5 Therefore hath God exalted thee,
And set thee up on high ;
Where thou shalt prais'd and worshipp'd be
To all Eternity.
- 6 Lo ! ev'ry Knee to thee shall bow,
Whether they stood or fell ;
In Heav'n above, or Earth below,
And in eternal Hell.
- 7 All shall thy Grace or Fury prove ;
Thy Kingdom all shall own :
Man shall be happy in thy Love ;
Let *Satan* dread thy Frown.

8 Thus ev'ry Tongue, constrain'd by Grace,
Or Power, shall confess
The Lord, with a confus'd Face,
Or, th' Lord their Righteousness.

9 Herein the Father's glorify'd,
That thou art Lord of all;
Whilst Men and Angel's swelling Pride
Before thy Feet shall fall.

LXI.

*Precious in the Sight of the Lord is the Death of his
Saints, Ps. cxvi. 15.*

1 **M**OST precious, in our *Saviour's* Sight,
Are all his Saints unnotic'd Death!
He bears them to eternal Light,
When they resign their mortal Breath.

2 Precious the Soul by him redeem'd;
From threat'ning Evils snatch'd away,
Precious their Dust, by him esteem'd,
He'll raise it at the latter Day.

3 Free from this World's unnumber'd Cares,
From *Satan's* Rage, and human Spite,
From Sin's Distress, and gloomy Fears;
How precious this in *Jesu's* Sight!

- 4 From all their Labours now they rest ;
 Their weary Souls, with Joy and Peace,
 Leans on their faithful *Abra'm's* Breast,
 Where all the wicked Troublers cease.
- 5 All this, and more, our Brother proves ;
 Now he the Son of Man can see ;
 He sees, he feels, he joys, he loves,
 And all from Intermission free.
- 6 No more, as darkly thro' a Glass,
 His Eye-sight purg'd by *Jesu's* Blood,
 Now clearly sees *Immanuel's* Face,
 The bright, unclouded Face of God !
- 7 Whilst here below, he knew, in part,
 That deep, that boundless, heav'nly Theme ;
 The Pow'r of *Jesu's* Blood and Smart,
 Completely cleansing us in him.
- 8 Feeling his Heart and Flesh decay,
 He languished beneath thine Hand,
 In patient Longings for the Day,
 When he should see *Immanuel's* Land.
- 9 Now is the perfect Day his own ;
 No darkning Vail remains between ;
 He knows the Lord as he is known,
 And sees his Myst'ry as he's seen.

LXII.

*If Christ be not risen, then is our Preaching vain,
and your Faith vain, 1 Cor. xv. 14.*

The Lord is risen indeed, Luke xxiv. 34.

1 **O**UR glorious Lord is ris'n indeed !
Death, conquer'd, lost its Prize ;
The Grave surrender'd him with Speed,
When he assay'd to rise.

2 In vain the Soldiers watch his Tomb,
When heav'nly Forms appear ;
The *Roman* Eagle's overcome,
The Soldiers die with Fear.

3 An Angel's Form before them stood ;
His Face like Lightning shone ;
Commision'd from the Father, God,
To roll away the Stone.

4 Up rose the *Saviour* from the Dead !
Down all Opposers fell :
Satan in Chains of Triumph led,
Trampling on Death and Hell.

5 To banish his Disciples Fears,
He prov'd himself alive,
By all his Wounds and bloody Scars ;
Then did their Hearts revive.

6 With

- 6 With them, will we our Lord adore ;
 For them, and us he dy'd :
 He lives, he lives, and dies no more !
 Hence we are justify'd.
- 7 Nor is our Faith, nor Preaching, vain ;
 Nor in our Sins are we ;
 Since *Christ*, our Head, is ris'n again ;
 And, rising, set us free.
- 8 Who shall condemn ? lo ! *Jesus* dy'd,
 Yea, rather lives for us ;
 He with himself hath crucify'd
 Our Sins upon the Cross.
- 9 Hail, risen *Saviour* ! thee we hail,
 Who, by Almighty Pow'r,
 Didst over Death and Hell prevail ;
 We bless the glorious Hour.
- 10 High on thy Father *David's* Throne,
 For-ever live and reign ;
 'Till by thine own right Hand alone,
 Thy ev'ry Foe be slain.

LXIII.

*For the Law was given by Moses ; but Grace and
Truth came by Jesus Christ, John i. 17.*

1 **M** O S E S, he gave the fi'ry Law,
Which brought no Strength, nor
Pow'r to draw ;
But the chief End for which it came,
Was to accuse, and to condemn ;
That Man might die to all his boasted Good,
Despair of Life 'till brought to *Jesu's* Blood.

2 By *Jesus*, a diviner Name,
Eternal Grace, in Justice, came ;
The Grace giv'n us in *Christ*, our Head,
Ere Time commenc'd, or Worlds were made :
In all th' Extent of Truth to be reveal'd,
Jesus ador'd ! and human Nature heal'd.

3 What Grace appear'd in *Jesu's* Birth,
In all his humbled Life on Earth !
What Grace in all his Torments great !
His Wounds, his Death, and bloody Sweat :
All witnessing his Love, the Love of God !
Pardon, and Peace, to sinful Man by Blood.

4 Grace ! O how charming is the Sound !
Of us, who sought him not, he's found :
Unask'd, God did his Son reveal
In us ; nor did that Love conceal,

Which

Which wrought for us, upon the bloody Tree,
Salvation, everlasting, full, and free.

- 5 Fulness of Grace to *Christ* is giv'n ;
In him is all the Fund of Heav'n :
For us each Talent he improves ;
He dy'd and lives, the Man he loves ;
He says, Whene'er our Emptiness we view,
Sufficient is my Grace and Truth for you.
- 6 How rich the Grace that plans our Ways !
And crowns with Blessings all our Days !
What tho', in this our Pilgrimage,
We feel both Man and *Satan's* Rage ?
All those Things work together for our Good ;
Such is the Grace that came by *Jesu's* Blood.
- 7 Lord *Jesus Christ*, we blest thy Name ;
By thee our great Salvation came :
Thy Streams of Grace and Truth shall flow
On us, this barren Defart, thro' :
Thro' this dark World, our Wants are well
supply'd ;
Nor shall we fail, for *Jesus* is our Guide.

LXIV.

And a Man shall be as a Hiding-Place from the Wind, and a Covert from the Tempest ; as Rivers of Waters in a dry Place ; as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land, Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 **O** *Christ ! O Love divine !*
 How wonderful art thou !
 What heavenly Beauties in thee shine !
 What Mercies from thee flow !

2 Lo ! thou art all we need,
 To make us truly blest ;
 Thy Worshippers are all agreed,
 Thou art the Sinner's Rest.

3 When blows the stormy Wind,
 The Rage of Man or Hell,
 A Hiding-Place in thee we find,
 Shelter'd in Peace we dwell.

4 When *Satan*, Sin, and Law,
 Do fiercely all unite ;
 Most fearfully on us to draw
 A dark, tempestuous Night.

5 When Thunders roar aloud
 Thro' the distemper'd Sky ;
 Like Lightnings from the sulph'rous Cloud,
 When dreadful Curfes fly.

6 Despairing, guilty Fears,
 In fiery Tempests roll,
 And when the second Death appears
 To fright the trembling Soul.

7 By Faith in thee, made bold,
 We smile when Tempests fall ;
 Thou art the Man, promis'd of old,
 To cover us from all.

LXV.

The same.

1 **W**HILST we are marching thro'
 This Land, with Drought accurs'd,
 Rivers of living Waters flow,
 In thee, to quench our Thirst.

2 This World's a weary Land ;
 By Sin, a Defart made :
 'Tis all around a burning Strand ;
 Has no refreshing Shade.

3 But thou'rt our mighty Rock ;
 Thy Shadow very great !
 Where all thy weary Pilgrim-Flock
 Find a divine Retreat.

- 4 Tho' once with Sin oppress'd,
From which no Part was free ;
Our Grievances are now redress'd,
Dear, glorious Man, in thee.
- 5 In thee we now have found
What'er we lost, and more ;
We see thy Grace much more abound,
Than Sin had done before.
- 6 Thy Praise be our Employ ;
Thy Glories ever shine :
All our Salvation, Hope, and Joy,
Art thou, O Man divine !

LXVI.

*As the Apple-Tree is among the Trees of the Wood,
so is my beloved among the Sons, Cant. ii. 3.*

- 1 **W**HEN all the Virtues of the Wood,
Impartially we trace ;
The Apple-Tree, as rare, and good,
First claims the highest Place :
Beauteous, and rare, it stands admir'd,
Amongst a thousand Trees ;
Its Fragrance, Fruit, and Shade desir'd,
To quicken, feed, and please.

- 2 Just so, excelling Heav'n and Earth,
Is my Beloved seen
Amongst the Sons of royal Birth,
The Sons of God or Men ;
Above them all he stands alone,
Pre-eminent and rare ;
The Father's first begotten Son,
None may with him compare.
- 3 He as the Man of God's right Hand,
Is all Perfection seen ;
Whilst Angels charg'd with Folly stand,
And Heav'n's declar'd unclean.
When blasted ev'ry Tree beside,
Still *he* affords a Shade ;
A safe Asylum for his Bride,
Which Love eternal made.
- 4 His fragrant Name our Hearts shall cheer,
As Ointments poured forth ;
More than the Names which Angels bear,
Or Men of highest Worth.
Unfav'ry all the Sons we prove,
Their Worth no more can see ;
The Fragrance of eternal Love
Comes forth, dear Lamb, from thee.
- 5 Thy Fruits, thy Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
Are perfect evermore ;
Whilst all beside are green and four,
Or rotten at the Core.

Live thou, of all the Sons admir'd,
As th' only just and Good ;
As stands the Apple-Tree desir'd,
In the unfruitful Wood.

LXVII.

*For the invisible Things of him from the Creation
of the World are clearly seen, being understood by
the Things that are made, even his eternal Power
and Godhead, Rom. i. 20.*

1 **E**TERNAL Excellence !
Thy Worms would fain declare,
In the divinest Sense,

How thou art heav'nly fair :
O Prince, *Messiah*, thou art seen
The fairest of the Sons of Men.

2 *Jesus*, thy Beauties shine
Bright, infinitely bright ;
Both Human and Divine,
In thee, O Lamb, unite !
Whate'er in Heav'n or Earth we see,
As beautiful, are Types of thee.

3 The Son, the Moon, the Stars,
With all the Thrones above,
Thine Excellence declares,
Thy Beauty, Pow'r, and Love :
All Worlds before thy Throne we see,
A Sea of Glass reflecting thee.

- 4 Man in his first Estate,
 Most wonderfully form'd,
 With Beauty's Pow'rs replete,
 With Holiness adorn'd,
 From ev'ry Spot and Blemish free,
 Was but a Figure, Lord, of thee.
- 5 As Blood of Goats, and Lambs,
 Is to thy Blood divine,
 Or, as their Altar-Flames,
 Dear *Jesus* are to thine ;
 So *Adam's* Purity appears,
 To *thee* no more Proportion bears.
- 6 Lo ! here Self-Int'rest fails,
 Man's Haughtiness sinks low ;
 Thy Beauty, Lord, prevails ;
 We at thy Footstool bow :
 Thou know'st our Heart, we need no more,
 Our Heav'n's to worship, love, adore.

LXVIII.

*Who was delivered for our Offences, and was raised
 again for our Justification, Rom. iv. 25.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy Name we praise !
 To thee our Songs we raise :
 Hail ! holy Lamb ;
 Thou hast redeem'd us,
 Greatly esteem'd us,
 Witness thy Sacrifice, Torment and Shame.

2 When we were lost in Sin,
 Unholy and unclean,
 Unmeet for God :
 Wond'rous Redemption !
 Glorious Exemption
 Now, and for-ever, from Hell, by thy
 Blood !

3 When thou didst Man become,
 Our State thou didst assume,
 Thou wast made Sin ;
 All our Uncleannefs
 Spirit'al Leannefs,
 Lust, Pride, and Enmity thou didst take in.

4 Thou wast made Man, with all
 His Mis'ries by the Fall ;
 Faithful to God ;
 Greatly enduring
 All the Out-pouring
 Of infinite Punishment, suff'ring to Blood.

5 Humbling thyself to Death,
 Thou didst resign thy Breath,
 Tortur'd with Pain :
 God had declared
 Man once ensnared
 Surely should die the Death ; this was Sin's
 Gain.

- 6 Here was our Sin destroy'd ;
 Our Enemies annoy'd,
 When *Jesus* dy'd
 Sighing, and groaning,
 Bleeding, atoning,
 Sin was condemned and slain in his Side.
- 7 When the third Morn was come,
 Then didst thou leave the Tomb ;
 Ceas'd all thy Woes ;
 Bravely victorious,
 Heavenly glorious,
 Openly triumphing over thy Foes.
- 8 Lo ! hence our Joys begin,
 We see thee, without Sin,
 Holy and bright ;
 Justification,
 Perfect Salvation,
 Thy Resurrection for Man brought to Light.
- 9 'Twas then the Father spake,
 His awful Silence brake,
 Thou art my Son,
 Holy for-ever,
 Worthy my Favour,
 Only begotten, come sit on my Throne.
- 10 Hail ! Son of *Mary*, hail !
 Our Songs shall never fail
 Whilst Grace doth shine :

Deep Adoration

Thy Congregation

Ever shall pay thee, thou *Saviour* divine.

LXIX.

Ye that desire to be under the Law, do ye not hear the Law? Gal. iv. 25.

Christ is the End of the Law for Righteousness to every one that believeth, Rom. x. 4.

1 **A**LL you who make the Law your Choice,
Attend and hear its dreadful Voice,
The Voice of Words, on *Sinai* heard,
That Voice which *Iſr'el* greatly fear'd;
So fear'd as humbly to implore
That they might hear its Sound no more.

2 Lightnings, with horrid Glare were seen,
Tremendous Thunders roar'd between;
Darkness, with Flames encircled round:
The Trump of God, its awful Sound,
Louder, and louder rent the Air,
And smote their Hearts with deep Despair.

3 The trembling Multitude, they heard
All that the Voice of Words declar'd;
The Darkness, Fire, and Smoke they saw,
The dreadful Pomp of *Moses'* Law,
Who, whilst the Mountains base did shake,
Most terribly did fear and quake.

4 I am

- 4 I am the Lord, thy God, says he ;
Nor shalt thou worship ought but me :
Nor to thyself shalt thou e'er make
An Image, nor the Likeness take
Of ought in Heav'n, or Earth below,
With Rev'rence unto it to bow.
- 5 Thou shalt not take my Name in vain,
Lest thou incur the guilty Stain :
Remember keep the Sabbath-Day,
Thou shalt not work, nor idly play :
To Parents thou shalt Honour give,
If in the Land thou long wouldst live.
- 6 Murder, never shalt thou do it :
Nor vile Adultery commit :
Thou shalt not steal : (my Statutes hear)
Nor Witness falsely shalt thou bear :
Thou shalt not covet, lusting in
What is thy Neighbours ; this is Sin.
- 7 Nor only keep from Sin thine Hands ;
A Word, Desire, or Look offends ;
A Moment's Lust, the smallest Flaw,
So fully breaks my holy Law,
'Tho' it be but in Heart conceiv'd,
As ne'er by thee can be retriev'd.
- 8 Holy and just are God's Commands ;
Wo to the Man who e'er offends
In one small Point, he on him draws
The Curse of all the broken Laws ;

All join in one to damn the Wretch,
Who's guilty of the smallest Breach.

9 In awful Truth hath God declar'd,
The Sinner never can be spar'd ;
On his own Head shall be his Blood,
Who trespasses against his God :
The Soul that sinneth, it shall die,
Here and in Hell eternally.

10 Nor can they for their Sin atone ;
Their Sacrifices he'll have none ;
Nor will their Pray'rs nor Tears accept,
Because his Laws they have not kept :
Thus for their Sin, e'en for the first,
They're irrevokably accurs'd.

11 The Law is holy, just, and true,
And what it speaks, it speaks to you
Who to be under it desire,
And eagerly thereby aspire
To everlasting Life and Bliss,
Thro' Works of your own Righteousness.

12 But if the Gospel-Sound you'll choose,
Nor him that speaks from Heav'n refuse,
Prepare to hear the Tidings good,
Proclaim'd to Man by *Jesu's* Blood ;
Administred with Glory, more
Than *Sinai's* Law which went before.

13 No dreadful Thunders roaring here,
Nor blasting Lightnings, causing Fear ;

Nor Earthquake, Darknefs, Smoak, nor
Flame,

Nor dreadful Voice when *Jefus* came :

But all was glorious, calm, ferene,

When God came down to dwell with Men.

14 From Heav'n the flaming Cherubs came,
And fung on Earth with Tongues of Flame,
Tidings of endlefs Joy to all
The Sons of *Adam* great and fmall ;
How that blefs'd Morn was born a Child,
By whom the Law should be fulfill'd.

15 Under the Law, of Woman made,
And, as of all his Church, the Head ;
Perfect Obedience unto Blood,
To yield the Law engag'd he flood ;
And all its Breaches to repair,
By tafting Death, Hell, and Defpair.

16 Divinely born, this wond'rous Child
Was holy, harmlefs, undefil'd !
The Law he perfectly obey'd,
In Action, Word, nor Thought, e'er stray'd ;
But in the Law was his Delight,
By doing good both Day and Night.

17 He knew no Sin, was free from Guile,
Nor could the Tempter him defile :
One God he ferv'd in Righteoufnefs :
Nor bow'd to Creature-Likenefles :

His Name in vain he never took :
Nor holy Sabbath ever broke.

18 Honour to Parents he did give ;
Nor ceas'd, whilst he on Earth did live :
Quite free from Murder and Debate,
Nor did his Soul his Brother hate :
His Nature loath'd adult'rous Fire,
Nor ever felt a base Desire.

19 He did not steal with Heart, nor Hand :
Nor bearing Witness, falsely stand :
No Evil of his Neighbour spake,
Nor coveted with Lust to take
Whatever was his Neighbour's Right,
'Twas always hateful in his Sight.

20 But God, with all his Heart, he lov'd :
This his whole Life and Practice prov'd :
Next as himself, yea far above
Himself he doth his Neighbour love.
Does unto all Men what he would
That they, in all their Doings, should.

21 The Law, thus pleas'd, demands, at last,
Atonement for the Sin that's past :
He undertook the Breach to heal,
Our Sin, our Curse, our Hell, to feel :
The full Extent of Punishment,
For all that's Sin, he underwent.

22 All Chastisements by him were borne,
 Wounds, Blood, and Bruises him adorn ;
 His Nerves all broken ; gloomy Fears
 Rush on him ; Blood, and Sweat, and Tears,
 Moist'ning the burning Sacrifice,
 Gratefully smoaking to the Skies.

23 Death-Pangs, with all the Pains of Hell,
 In dreadful Storms upon him fell :
 Nor may the finite Mind conceive ;
 Nor dare the Infidel believe
 What unknown Torments *Jesus* felt ;
 What Flames of Soul-devouring Guilt.

24 With unregarded Groans and Cries,
 Convulsive Struggles, dying Sighs ;
 In Character of Sinners lost,
 He fainting, yielded up the Ghost :
 Death took him Pris'ner, him detain'd,
 Whilst the least Charge of Sin remain'd.

25 His holy Life, his Death and Smart ;
 Tormented Soul, and broken Heart ;
 The holy Law, more magnify'd
 Than if a thousand Worlds had dy'd :
 O Love ! in him the glor'ous God,
 Redeems his Church with his own Blood.

26 O glorious Truth, with *Jesus* one !
 To all he is, and all that's done
 By him, we've an undoubted Right,
 There holy in the Father's Sight :

Myſterious

Mysterious Union ! there is known
His Person, Life, and Death our own.

27 Then, O my Soul, no longer fear
Old *Sinai's* Thunders ; joyful hear
The Voice of Love, the Love of God,
The Voice of *Jesu's* richest Blood :
Tho' thou, poor Soul, hast nought to give,
The Blood of *Jesus* bids thee live.

28 Live ; lo ! he gives his All to thee :
Live now from Condemnation free ;
Live, since thou hast in *Jesus* dy'd ;
Live, Justice now is satisfy'd :
For-ever live, he lives again ;
To all he is, urge still thy Claim.

29 O Lamb, whoe'er in thee believes,
The Witness of the Truth receives :
How thou, our *Christ*, our Joy, our Bliss,
Art the full End for Righteousness,
Of ev'ry Law : (O glorious Grace !)
To guilty *Adam's* Sinner Race.

30 Hail, *Saviour* of the Body, hail !
O'er all our Foes didst thou prevail ;
For-ever wear the glorious Wreath
Of Vict'ry over Hell and Death :
We see, with Joy divinely sweet,
All conquer'd at thy bleeding Feet.

Compos'd for the GENERAL FAST, in the Year
1757.

*Can the Children of the Bride-Chambr fast, while
the Bridegroom is with them? As long as they
have the Bridegroom with them, they cannot fast:
But the Days will come when the Bridegroom
shall be taken away from them, and then shall
they fast, Mark ii. 19, 20.*

- 1 **N**OW doth the Truth appear,
Our dear prophetic Lord,
Of what thou didst declare
In thine unerring Word;
The awful Signs, by thee foretold,
Of thine Approach, we now behold.
- 2 Nations are in Distress,
Striving, by Force and Fraud,
Each other to oppress;
Yet their own Ways applaud:
In divers Places Earthquakes are,
Mens Hearts are failing them for Fear.
- 3 The Gods of Earth, their Jars
Occasions fierce Debate;
Contests and bloody Wars
Proclaim their mut'al Hate;

Whilst mutt'ring Rumour now declares,
How all the World for War prepares.

- 4 Redeemer, thou wilt come,
 (Those Signs point out thy Way)
To bring thy Children Home,
 We wait the glor'ous Day:
'Till then we calmly rest in thee,
From Dread of each ill-boding free.
- 5 We praise thee, dearest Lord;
 Nor will we hopeless grieve;
Instructed by thy Word,
 Rejoicing we believe,
That all Things work, thro' *Jesu's* Blood,
Now, and for-ever for our Good.
- 6 Our dearest Bridegroom lives!
 And all our Need supplies;
Himself our Food he gives,
 Eat, my Belov'd, he cries:
His Love is our divine Repast!
O! how then can his Children fast.
- 7 If thou art tak'n away,
 Lo! then thy Children fast:
But if thou with us stay,
 We've a contin'al Feast:
All other Food our Souls despise,
But thee, our Lamb and Sacrifice.

- 8 We'll fast from all but thee ;
 Thy Flesh is Meat indeed ;
 To drink thy Blood we're free :
 On this alone we feed !
 Pleas'd with this Food, most holy Lamb,
 We eat and drink, and bless thy Name.

LXXI.

*What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved,
 O thou fairest among Women ? Cant. v. 9.*

- 1 **D**aughters of *Jerusalem*,
 If you find my well-belov'd,
 Strongly represent my Flame ;
 Tell him how my Heart is mov'd ;
 Sick of Love, I, panting, lie :
 O ! bid him haste, or else I die.
- 2 What is this Belov'd of thine,
 O thou fairest among Women ?
 What Perfections in him shine ?
 Say why thou conclud'st there's no Man
 Beautiful and true as he ?
 O ! why this solemn Charge from thee.
- 3 My Belov'd is white as Snow,
 Ruddy as the new-blown Roses ;
 Th' White his Deity doth show,
 Th' Red his human Form supposes ;

From

From each Spot and Blemish free,
O chief among ten Thousand he !

4 His Head is as the finest Gold,
His bushy Locks black as a Raven ;
His Worth and Wisdom still untold
In our Songs, here, or in Heav'n :
Once with Thorns, crown'd now with Pow'r ;
O he's the Man whom I adore !

5 His Eyes are as the Eyes of Doves,
Innocent, chaste, strong, and piercing,
Darting on me richest Loves ;
His Heart's Language still rehearsing ;
Their Omniscience guards my Ways ;
O how attracting are his Eyes !

6 His Cheeks are as the spicy Bed,
Sweeter than the sweetest Flowers,
Of a lovely crimson Red ;
Perfect Beauties, strongest Powers,
Clust'ring in his Face are seen :
O fairest of the Sons of Men !

7 His Lips, like Lilies, kindly give
Words as Myrrh, most sweetly smelling ;
Words, whereon his Children live,
Angel's Harmony excelling ;
When Love's Silence first he brake,
O Heav'n was in the Word he spake !

8 His Legs, as Marble Pillars, stand
On fine Gold, of long Duration,

Shews his Strength and high Command :
 Man in God, the sure Foundation ;
 Bears eternal Government ;
 O in his Love is true Content !

9 His Count'nance more glorious is
 Than *Lebanon's* tallest Cedar ;
 Majestic more than all its Trees,
 'Mongst all Beauties he's the Leader ;
 The Creation is too low,
 O my Belov'd, thy Worth to shew !

10 O how beauteous is his Mouth !
 Sweetest Heav'n is in his Kisses ;
 Always speaking Words of Truth,
 Promising ten thousand Bliss ;
 I, his gracious Words believe :
 O he ne'er will nor can deceive !

11 He's beyond Description fair,
 Sweet, and lovely all together ;
 All Relations in him are,
 Bridegroom, Brother, Husband, Father,
 Wonderful this Man divine !
 O all Perfections in him shine !

12 O! ye Daughters, this is he,
 This my Friend, and well-belov'd ;
 Could you but his Glory see,
 Soon my Choice would be approv'd ;
 Won, like me, by conq'ring Love,
 O ye my Flame would quickly prove.

LXXII.

One Thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek also, that I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the Days of my Life, to behold the Beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his Temple, Ps. xxvii. 4.

- 1 **V**ARIOUS the Objects Man desires,
 Whilst he to Happiness aspires;
 Each longing Sense, would be possess'd
 Of what most suits his childish Taste;
 There seeking lasting Peace, and solid Joy,
 And heav'nly Sweets, which ne'er will fade
 nor cloy.
- 2 Of thee, my sov'reign Lord and King,
 My longing Soul desires one Thing:
 I in thine House would ever dwell,
 Thy Goodness, O my God, to tell;
 There to behold, with Joy, thy beauteous
 Face,
 Inquiring at thy Oracles of Grace.
- 3 This have I long desir'd of thee,
 Thy Beauties in thine House to see;
 One Day, my God, is better there,
 Than are a thousand Days elsewhere:
 For, O! thy holy Temple is the Place
 Where thou unveil'st thy Beauty and thy Grace.

- 4 Thy Body, Lamb, once bath'd in Blood,
That Temple is, that House of God ;
Where all the Church, in Mystery,
As living Stones are built in thee ;
To which, by Faith, we all repair, and tell
How God is pleas'd in it, in us to dwell.
- 5 Thy Ministers, as Flames of Fire,
Attending with intense Desire ;
Thy Servants round thy Table set,
Spread with divine, with heav'nly Meat :
Apparel'd in the Spirit, and the Word,
Here dwell for-ever in thy Temple, Lord.
- 6 Brighter than all, O *Morning-Star* !
Thou shin'st with Rays resplendent here ;
Brighter than *Solomon* of old
E'er shone in Wisdom, Pow'r, or Gold :
Extasy'd more thy Saints than *Sheba's* Queen,
When those the Beauties of thine House are seen.

LXXIII.

Compos'd for the GENERAL FAST, in the Year
1758.

From Isa. v. 8.

- 1 CRY aloud, is the Command ;
Spare not, be bold and free ;
Trumpet thro' a guilty Land,
How they have err'd from me ;

'Till

'Till their Sinfulness of Heart,
 And Practice, is to them declar'd ;
Jesus only can avert
 The Judgments that's prepar'd.

2 Yet they daily seek my Face,
 With much profess'd Delight ;
 As a Nation rich in Grace,
 And righteous in his Sight ;
 Truth and Justice they would have,
 Seem pleas'd in their Approach to God ;
Jesus only can us save,
 By his own precious Blood.

3 Wherefore do we fast, say they,
 Yet thou dost not regard ?
 Wherefore sanctify a Day,
 And yet thou hast not heard ?
 'Cause herein you Pleasure find,
 As such who merit future Bliss :
Jesus only was design'd
 To be our Righteousness.

4 Lo ! ye fast for foul Debate,
 With wicked Fist to smite ;
 Still retaining Strife and Hate,
 Nor cease from cruel Spite :
 Ye shall not fast, on this Day,
 To make your Voice be heard on high :
Jesus only is the Way,
 If you'll to God draw nigh.

5 Have I chose such Fasts as these,
 Or ever this allow'd
 That your Troubles me appease,
 Tho' like a Bull-rush bow'd ?
 Yet wilt thou call *this* a Fast,
 A Day accepted of your God ?
Jesus is our First and Last,
 The Sum of all our Good.

LXXIV.

The same.

1 **T**HIS is the Fast, which I will choose,
 The Burdens to undo ;
 The Bands of Wickedness to loose,
 And let the Pris'ner go :
 Let such who are oppress'd be freed,
 Break ev'ry Yoke in twain,
 Gladly supply the Brethren's Need,
 And thus allay their Pain :

2 To hungry Souls to deal thy Bread,
 Nor thrust them from thy Door,
 But in thine House a Table spread,
 For all the cast-out Poor :
 To all the Naked Cov'ring give,
 Their drooping Hearts refresh ;
 Nor hide thyself, whilst thou dost live,
 From those who're thine own Flesh.

- 3 Attentive to the heav'nly Word
We stand convicted deep,
That we ourselves, before the Lord,
This Fast can never keep :
But up we look unto our Head,
Jesus the Fast hath kept ;
And us in him, thro' all he did,
The Father doth accept.
- 4 He kept the Fast, which God did choose ;
Our Burdens did undo ;
Our Bands of Wickedness did loose,
And let us Pris'ners go :
From Sin's Oppression us he freed,
Brake ev'ry Yoke in twain,
Gladly supply'd his Brethren's Need,
And sav'd us from Hell's Pain.
- 5 To us he deals the living Bread,
Nor thrusts us from his Door ;
But to his House, and Table spread,
He brings us cast-out Poor :
Cloath'd with the Labours of his Cross,
He did our Hearts refresh ;
Nor did he hide himself from us,
But calls us his own Flesh.
- 6 Hail, *Alpha* and *Omega*, hail !
All hail, thou first and last !
O'er all our Foes we shall prevail,
For thou hast kept the Fast :

Complete in thee, our dearest Lord,
Thy Works as ours are known :
 We now, encourag'd by thy Word,
 Conclude thy Fast's our own.

LXXV.

An Imitation of a *French Sonnet*.

For in thy Sight shall no Man living be justified,
 Ps. cxliii. 2.

But the Scripture hath concluded all under Sin,
that the Promise, by Faith, of Jesus Christ, might
be given to them that believe, Gal. iii. 22.

1 **G**REAT God! thy Judgments, all are fill'd
 With Equity and Mercy mild;
 Great Pleasure dost thou take
 To be propitious unto Man,
 To pardon where thy Mercies can,
 And for thy own Name's sake.

2 But I have so much Evil done,
 That if thou judge me as I've run
 The Paths of Vice; I'm sure
 Thy Goodness cannot pardon me,
 Without apparent Injury
 Done to thy Justice pure.

3 Indeed, my God, if thou should'st try
 My Greatness of Impiety,
 It leaves nought in thy Pow'r,

But

But my Damnation soon to choofe,
On me to let thy Terrors loofe,
On me thy Wrath to fhew'r.

4 Thine Int'reft, Lord, opposes me ;
Nor Happinefs will let me fee,
Because thou holy art :
Thy Clemency, itfelf, waits now
For my Destruction, waits, whilft thou
With Hell transfix my Heart.

5 Since, for thy Glory, I muft die,
On me, my God, then fatisfy
Thy holy, juft Defire :
At thefe my Tears, which plent'ous flow,
Be thou offended highly now,
And blaft me with thy Fire.

6 Thunder and Fury on me fall ;
'Tis juft, as War for War doth call :
When perifhing, I'll fay,
There's nought unjust hath taken Place ;
Tho' from the Footftool of thy Grace
Thou fpurnedft me away.

7 But, Lord, hear what I have to plead,
Beside my late Confession made
Of Evil I have done ;
What Part of me now wilt thou wound ?
Where am I penetrable found,
Not armed with thy Son ?

8 The Blood of *Jesus* covers all !
 O ! where then can thy Fury fall ?
 Sure not upon my Heart ?
 Then let thy flaming Eyes, my God,
 Find what's not cover'd with his Blood,
 And fur'ous smite that Part.

LXXVI.

Ye are God's Building, 1 Cor. iii. 9.
*Builed together for an Habitation of God, through
 the Spirit*, Eph. ii. 22.

1 **Y***E are God's Building*, (is the Word)
 Rais'd for the Glory of the Lord,
 Where he delights to dwell :
 In *Jesus*, rais'd by his own Hand,
 This Building ever shall withstand
 The hostile Gates of Hell.

2 As skilful Builders always care
 Proper Materials to prepare,
 Needful for Strength and Grace ;
 So did he choose us in our Head,
 Ere Time commenc'd, or Worlds were made,
 To build his Dwelling-Place.

3 Such no untemper'd Mortar use,
 But justly will the same refuse
 For what's more excellent ;

All human Daubings God despis'd ;
When he his noble Building rais'd,
Christ was the strong Cement.

4 Would you the stately Pile survey,
Its Beauty, Strength and Harmony ?
Then *Christ Immanuel* see !
Where all Perfections in him meet,
There is the Building seen complete,
The Sum of all is He.

LXXVII.

The same.

1 **T**HE Builder, whom true Wisdom sways,
First, the Foundation deeply lays ;
Prepar'd against each Shock :
Our Builder, sure of his own Plan,
Founded us deeply in the Man,
On God, th' eternal Rock.

2 *Christ* is that precious Corner-Stone,
Which all his Church is built upon ;
Nor can it ever fall :
The Prophets, and Apostles too,
Other Foundation never knew
Than *Jesus*, Lord of all.

3 *Christ*, in this Building is the Door ;
And always open to the Poor,
Who would approach their God :

Nor,

Nor, tho' they're naked, need they fear;
For *Christ* is *yea* ; boldly draw near,
And plead redeeming Blood.

4 As Windows, rang'd, admit the Light
To chase the Horrors of the Night,
Enlightning every Part :
So, in our *Saviour's* lovely Face,
The Godhead shines in Love and Grace,
To cheer the human Heart.

5 The Stone the Builders did refuse,
Which human Wisdom ne'er will choose,
Is here the Head-stone seen :
Brought forth with Joy to make all fast ;
Christ is the first Stone and the last ;
The Church is safe between.

6 The spacious Roof, extended wide,
Lock'd in secure on ev'ry Side,
Braves all the Storms that fall :
Christ is that Cov'ring, suited well,
To shelter Man from Storms of Hell ;
O *Christ* ! thou art our All.

LXXVIII.

The same.

1 **W**HEN Elements and Time will fade,
(What wisest Architects have made)
Mould'ring to whence it came ;

God's Building ever shall endure,
In all Things order'd well and sure,
Christ always is the same.

2 When we the inside Work survey,
What Grandeur does the whole display !
How glorious ev'ry Part !
Earth's Beauties all are far too mean
To point out what's in *Jesus* seen,
When he attracts the Heart.

3 Foundation, *Christ*, and Head-stone too,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* thou,
Of this, the House of God :
A lively Stone, on thee I'm built,
And wash'd from all my dreadful Guilt,
In thine atoning Blood.

LXXIX.

After Preaching.

O The Tidings how profound !
Which our Ears and Hearts have blest ;
This indeed's the joyful Sound :
Here our weary Souls find Rest ;
O how rich, how good !
Jesus, thou the Subject art ;
Thy deep Mystery and Blood,
With all other Sounds we'll part.

LXXX.

The same.

WE the joyful Sound have heard,
 And, hearing, have believ'd ;
 What the Gospel hath declar'd,
 We, Sinners, have receiv'd :
 Blasted lies the Creature's Pride,
 And human Haughtiness sinks low ;
Jesus, and him crucify'd,
 Is all the Bliss we know.

LXXXI.

The same.

THY Mystery, O *Christ*, how great !
 Thy Beauties, how divine !
 Thy Wounds, thy Death, thy bloody Sweat,
 With endless Radiance shine :
 With wond'ring Hearts, we now have seen,
 In thy transparent Blood,
 The friendly, smiling, lov'd, serene,
 Unclouded Face of God !

LXXXII. *The*

LXXXII.

The same.

1 **T**O *Jesus*, lifted up on High ;
 As Doves unto their Windows fly
 We speed for Life and Peace :
 His Blood, how pow'rfully it draws !
 Now it hath quite remov'd the Cause
 Of Sorrow and Distress.

2 As Members to their Head must join,
 And Branches grow in their own Vine,
 So are we in the Lamb :
 Ours all his Beauty, Life, and Fruit,
 On him we grow, our Head and Root,
 And hail the sacred Name.

LXXXIII.

The same.

CHRIST, our Head's gone up on High,
 And we his Body are ;
 All our Sorrows we'll lay by,
 And each distracting Care :
 Tho' we *Satan's* Darts may feel ;
 Yet he can never strike us dead :
 He may bruise us on the Heel,
 But cannot reach our Head.

LXXXIV. *The*

LXXXIV.

The same.

GLor'ous *Jesus* ! glor'ous *Jesus* !
 Thy dear Name to praise ;
 This shall please us, this shall please us,
 Greatly all our Days :
 O thy Beauties, how divine !
 How they in the Gospel shine !
 Holy Saviour, live for-ever,
 All our Songs be thine.

LXXXV.

On observing the Motion of a Watch.

TIME flies,
 Man dies,
 Eternity's at Hand :
 What's best !
 My Rest
 Is in *Immanuel's* Land.

LXXXVI. *The*

LXXXVI.

The Testimony of a Christian ; found after his Departure ; written, during his Illness, with a Pencil, on the Wall.

TRUE conscious Honour is to feel no Sin ;
 He's arm'd *without* who's innocent *within* :
 If any ask me, how I prove this Bliss ?
Christ is my Purity, my Wedding-Dress.

LXXXVII.

After Preaching.

1 **H**OW charmingly sounds
 The Word of the Lord !
 Where Witness abounds,
 That Man is restor'd
 To God, his Possession,
 Dear *Jesus* in thee ;
 From Sin and Transgression
 For-ever set free.

2 How glor'ous the Name
 Of *Jesus*, our King !
 Thou crucify'd Lamb,
 Thine Honours we sing :
 Our Hope and Salvation
 To World without End ;
 Our nearest Relation,
 And faithfullest Friend.

LXXXVIII.

The same.

- 1 **W**HAT Blessings in the Lamb abound!
To all who know the joyful Sound;
Thy Countenance, O Lord, shall shine
On them with Brightness all divine.
- 2 The Grievances which them oppress'd,
In *Jesus* now they see redress'd:
This Mercy we thy Worms now prove,
And bless thy Grace, thou God of Love.
- 3 Infinite Wisdom, all our Days
Will we admire thy pleasant Ways:
Thy Paths are Peace, we'll run and bless
The Lord our Life and Righteousness.

LXXXIX.

The same.

*Tho' I were perfect yet would I not know my Soul,
I would despise my Life, Job ix. 21.*

- 1 **C**OULD I of all Perfection boast,
As pure as that which *Adam* lost,
I'd sacrifice it to thy Blood,
My *Christ*, my All, my only Good.

- 2 Were I as *Abra'm*, strong in Faith,
And boldly stedfast unto Death;
I'd bid my Faithfulness adieu,
And *Jesus* only faithful view.
- 3 If I more meek than *Moses* were,
Quite free from Anger, Strife, or Fear;
Yet this I gladly would despise,
And *Jesu's* Meekness only prize.
- 4 Was I as *Job* submissive, still
Patient, resign'd in ev'ry Ill;
Yet all should fade before his Cross,
Compar'd with *Him*, it is but Dross.
- 5 If I was wise as *Solomon*,
Like him with Zeal and Adour shone;
Like him I'd vain and foolish see
My Wisdom, Zeal, yea all but *Thee*.
- 6 Had I an Angel's Purity;
Yea even this I would deny;
Nor Good confess in Name or Thing,
But *Christ* my Lord, my Life, my King.

XC.

The same.

1 **J** E S U S only will we sing,
 His Mystery adore ;
 Thee we praise, our bleeding King,
 Thy Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r :
 Thou hast wrought our Works for us ;
 In us thou dy'dst and liv'st again ;
 By the Labour of thy Cross,
 We endless Life obtain.

2 Live ! thou mighty Prince of Life ;
 Great King of Glory, reign !
 Him to praise be all our Strife,
 Who for our Sins was slain.
 With himself, from Sin and Shame,
 Blameless to God he did us raise :
 Worthy is the holy Lamb
 Of everlasting Praise.

XCI.

The same.

G LORY be to God on High ;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb ;
 Sing we Praises mightily,
 To *Immanuel's* worthy Name :

He is God with us ;
 In him we're espous'd to God ;
 In him we are purg'd, by Blood,
 From our Filth, our Sin and Dross.

XCII.

The same.

- 1 **H**OW pow'rful is the glor'ous Word !
 The unctious Word of God,
 Which preaches *Jesus Christ* our Lord,
 His Suff'rings, Death and Blood.
- 2 How it reveals his Mystery !
 Who did our Souls redeem ;
 Explains the sacred Unity,
 And shouts us sav'd in him.
- 3 It shews us ev'ry Law Command,
 Dear Lamb, fulfill'd in thee ;
 And bids us fast, and fearless stand,
 Where thou hast made us free.
- 4 Dear, glorious Lamb, we thee adore ;
 We praise thee for thy Word :
 But for thyself we praise thee more,
 O ! holy, holy Lord.

XCIII.

The same.

- 1 **B**less'd are the Eyes that see ;
The Ears are bless'd that hear
The Trumpet of the Jubilee,
The great sabbatic Year.
- 2 We plough, nor sow no more,
Nor toil for living Bread ;
For we've a never failing Store,
A Table plent'ous spread.
- 3 The Servant now is free ;
The hateful, heavy Yoke
(That all might taste true Liberty)
From ev'ry Neck is broke.
- 4 Th' Inheritance once sold,
Which the poor Bankrupt mourns,
To the true Owner without Gold,
Or Price, it now returns.
- 5 O *Jesus* ! ever blest,
Thou art our Jubilee ;
Our Restoration, and our Rest,
Is all, dear Lamb, in thee.
- 6 Thy Name, O bleeding King,
Shall dwell on all our Tongues ;

And

And ev'ry Heart, inspir'd, shall sing
Thy Praise in all their Songs.

- 7 Worthy the honour'd Name
Of *Jesus Christ*, our Lord ;
He's God Almighty, and the Lamb,
Eternally ador'd.

XCIV.

Solemn Praise.

- 1 **S**ING the Triumphs of your conqu'ring
Head, and crucified King ;
His Atchievements, when he vanquish'd
All our Enemies, we'll sing :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Lord, be thine.

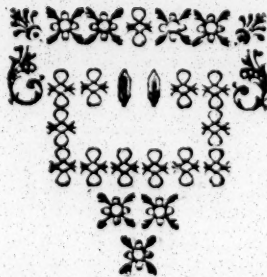
- 2 Long he struggled with confused
Noise, and Garments roll'd in Blood,
'Till destroying Sin, and Hell, and
Death, he rescu'd Man to God :
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Most triumphant, greatly glor'ous,
He from Death and Hell arose ;
In him all his Church, victor'ous,
Triumph'd o'er her dreadful Foes :
Hallelujah, &c.

4 High ascending 'midst angelic
Songs, and Sounds of Trumpets loud,
In eternal Triumph leading
All the Captives of his Blood :
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Far above the highest Heaven
Thus he gloriously ascends,
Where the Honour's to him given,
Ev'ry Thought of Man transcends :
Hallelujah, &c.

6 There, exalted, live and reign, whilst
We admire thy Wounds and Blood,
'Till we see thee come again, in
All the Pomp and Pow'r of God :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Lord, be thine.



P A R T II.

C O N T A I N I N G

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S P I R I T U A L S O N G S,

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H Y M N S, &c.

I.

- 1 **M**Y Song shall be of him who dy'd
Upon the Mount of *Calvary* ;
His Name, his Blood, and Nought beside
Shall be my Theme eternally.
- 2 I view him in his infant Form,
Poor, helpless, in a Manger laid ;
To rescue me, a worthless Worm,
Th' eternal Word my Flesh was made.
- 3 At eight Days old the *Saviour* bled ;
To purge our Filth his Blood was spilt ;
Thus all the Members, in the Head,
Were purg'd from their parental Guilt.
- 4 A Man of Sorrows was my Lord,
Tempted like me in ev'ry Point ;
That he true Succour might afford
To tempted Souls, who else would faint.

- 5 Despis'd and friendless was the Lamb,
Abased to a low Degree,
Refus'd by all with Scorn and Shame,
That he our faithful Friend might be.
- 6 Mark how he loves his Blood-bought Friends!
When in his greatest Agony
He pleads for them, he them defends,
They're as the Apple of his Eye.
- 7 For when the Multitude came on
To drag him to the cursed Tree;
Whom seek ye? (says the holy One)
If me you seek, the Children free.
- 8 When thus accepted, in our Stead,
Justice the Sinner did release;
And for the Members smote the Head,
Chastis'd him for our Breach of Peace.

II.

- 1 **O** Lamb, my Lord, my God, my King,
I could for-ever speak of thee!
Thy Suff'rings, and thy Conquests sing,
O! the dear Lamb, who dy'd for me.
- 2 What Suff'rings didst not thou sustain!
From hellish Chains my Soul to free;
What Horrors, Grief, and unknown Pain!
O! the dear Lamb, who felt for me.

3 At Supper with thy Family,
 Strange, hellish Pains caught hold on thee;
 Then the important Hour drew nigh,
 That my dear Lamb should die for me.

4 When to the Garden he withdrew,
 How fore amaz'd and griev'd was he,
 Beyond what Mortals ever knew;
 O! that dear Lamb, who griev'd for me.

5 Prostrate himself he humbly lays;
 Great ruddy Drops of Sweat I see
 Fall from him, whilst he weeps and prays;
 O! that dear Lamb, who pray'd for me.

6 They buffeted my Lord and God;
 Yea, on thy Cheek, O *Christ*, smote thee
 The Judge of *Isr'el*, with a Rod;
 O! that dear Lamb, thus smote for me.

7 Reviled, scourg'd, spit on, abus'd,
 Condemn'd to the accursed Tree,
 Of all that's vile and base accus'd;
 O! that dear Lamb, accus'd for me.

8 The Cross they on his Shoulders lay;
 To bear the same the Lamb was free,
 Until, oppress'd, he faints away;
 O! the dear Lamb, who faints for me.

9 They nail'd him to the fatal Wood;
 His pierced Hands and Feet I see;

From

From ev'ry Wound fresh Streams of Blood;
O! the dear Lamb, who bled for me.

10 They lift him high upon the Cross,
Naked in Blood, that all might see;
Whilst Angels gaze, and bow, and blush;
O! that dear Lamb, accurs'd for me.

11 'Tis finish'd, cry'd the Lamb of God,
Then dy'd to set his Children free;
Salvation's finish'd, cries his Blood;
O! that dear Lamb, who dy'd for me.

12 Down thro' the Shades of Death he goes
His Enemies all conquer'd flee;
Triumphant over all his Foes;
O! that dear Lamb, did all for me.

13 With Warriors Scars, deep Wounds and Blood,
Rais'd from the Dead again I see
My everlasting Lord and God,
That dearest Lamb, who dy'd for me.

14 O! worthy Lamb, I'll thee adore,
Let *Adam's* Offspring all agree
To praise the Lamb who dies no more,
But lives to bless both them and me.

III.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd, see thy Flock here met,
Before thy pierced Feet to bow ;
To praise thy Wounds, thy Blood and Sweat,
Thro' which eternal Love did flow.
- 2 Thou art with us where e'er we meet ;
Nor wilt thou leave us, holy Lamb :
We find a Calm, a blest'd Retreat
Beneath the Cov'ring of thy Name.
- 3 Great Mercies thou to us hast shewn,
Since first we knew that we were thine ;
Since first thou mark'd us for thy own,
With Grace and Righteousness divine.
- 4 Seal'd for thine own we surely are ;
Thy Spirit, Lord, our Witness is :
Nor can we fall from *Jesus* far,
For he is Love and Tenderness.
- 5 There's none can pluck us from his Hand,
Inclos'd by Grace on ev'ry Side ;
His Oath, his Promise firmly stand,
We ever shall with him abide !
- 6 He never will himself deny ;
Nor could he die for Man in vain :
How then shall God in Wrath destroy,
The Souls for whom the Lamb was slain.

- 7 The countless Price he paid for us,
 Exempts us from the Iron Rod :
 His Life, his Death, his Blood and Cross,
 Hath reconcil'd us all to God.

IV.

- 1 **O** Thou, dear Sov'reign of my Breast,
 In thy dear Myst'ry I am blest.
 With Peace and Joy profound.
 Now, fav'd from Sin and Hell, am I
 In my dear Lamb's Humanity,
 Where all my Joys abound.

- 2 Here will I hide from ev'ry Foe,
 And thank thee, O my *Saviour*, too,
 That I should favour'd be
 To hide me in thy wounded Side ;
 And, what's yet more, to be thy Bride,
 And truly one with thee.

- 3 Here would I live, for-ever live
 In thee, my Lamb, and still receive
 Thy Blessings ever new :
 I'd turn my Eyes from all to thee,
 Whilst underneath the bloody Tree,
 My Heart with Love o'erflow.

- 4 I long to prove the Depth profound,
 The Glory of each bleeding Wound ;

Not one was made in vain :
Nor is there any Discord there,
Or cause of Sorrow, Pain or Fear ;
There, there my Soul remain.

V.

- 1 **M**Y *Saviour* for me bled
Upon the Crofs's Wood ;
For me, the Sinner me, he shed
His rich, atoning Blood.
- 2 For my Offences great
He dy'd a curfed Death ;
And wrought Salvation out complete
To be enjoy'd by Faith.
- 3 The Wine-press he did tread,
And, thro' his bleeding Side,
His Spirit, in Abundance, shed
On his beloved Bride.
- 4 Now, by his Grace, I know
That I am one of them,
For whom the *Saviour* dy'd below
Upon the Crofs's Stem.

VI.

- 1 **I**N mine own Flesh I see
 My dear Redeemer, God :
 And in that Body he
 Redeem'd me by his Blood :
 Made one, no more to part again,
 In him I ever shall remain.
- 2 Bone of his Bone I am,
 And evermore shall be ;
 One great Immortal Name
 Is nam'd on him and me :
 In him, complete, I now possess
 The Fulness of redeeming Grace.
- 3 When from his pierced Side
 Came forth, in bleeding Love,
 His lov'd, his royal Bride,
 The Life divine to prove ;
 To her this sacred Truth he seal'd,
 That all her Maladies were heal'd.
- 4 What tho' I mortal am,
 And shall to Dust return :
 In the prevailing Lamb
 I unto God am born :
 In him I live above all Fear,
 Nor Sin, nor Death, can reach me there.

VII.

- 1 **L**ET us our Hearts and Voices raise,
To sound the mighty *Saviour's* Praise,
And sing he dy'd, and lives again
For us, the fallen Sons of Men.
- 2 He bare our Curse, our Debt he paid,
When all our Woes on him were laid ;
Our Midnight Darkness chas'd away,
And rais'd us to eternal Day.
- 3 'Tis finish'd, faith the dying God,
For Man, cries all his Wounds and Blood :
Salvation finish'd was for us,
In *Jesus*, bleeding on the Cross.
- 4 He, fainting, felt Death's rude Divorce,
To put his Testament in force ;
Wherein to Man he did bequeath
The Labours of his Life and Death.
- 5 Quickly he breaks Death's feeble Chain,
And to his Throne ascends again ;
There sits adorn'd with Wounds and Blood,
And calls the Wand'ers Home to God.
- 6 Let all the Sons of *Sion* sing
Unwearied Praise to *Christ* their King,
He is our *Saviour*, God, and we
Will sound his Name eternally.

VIII.

1 **A**LL over lovely is my Lord and God,
When nail'd on *Calv'ry* to a Cross of
Wood ;

My Praise attends his Blood, his Name I'll bless,
He is my Wisdom, Strength and Righteousness.

2 Deep Floods of everlasting Wrath and Grace,
Strove which should deluge Man in *Jesu's* Face,
Whilst bleeding Love, hung pleading on his Brow
For Peace, and Pardon, to the Church below.

3 The Floods of Grace, now with tremendous
Swell,

Drowns all our Sin, and Curse, and Fear of Hell,
Whilst from our bleeding God we still derive
Our Peace, and in his Wounds we'll ever live.

4 On us distils his Merits, Blood and Grace ;
His wounded Form we'll yet by Faith embrace ;
It's here ! We positively cry, my God
And tremblingly with Joy we praise his Blood.

5 We in his Body our Election see,
He with himself hath made us Children free ;
Our elder Brother, (O the friendly Name !)
Is God Almighty, yet the slaughter'd Lamb.

6 Praise, endless Praise to thee, O *Christ*, be giv'n ;
Praise, endless Praise to thee, thou King of Heav'n :

Ere

Ere long thy Praise shall be our whole Employ,
When thou, O Lamb, shall perfect all our Joy.

IX.

1 'TIS not of him that weeps and prays ;
The Gift of God is free ;
'Tis *Jesu's* Pray'r, his Groans, and Cries,
That shall accepted be.

2 'Tis in the Lamb's Abasement low,
We are receiv'd of God :
Lo ! nothing is there Good, we know,
But *Jesus*, and his Blood.

3 'Tis thro' his Death, and Off'ring up
On the accursed Wood,
That we are privileg'd to sup
With him, our Lord and God.

4 'Tis thro' his Resurrection-Pow'r
We live the Life of Faith :
In his dear Body we are more
Than Conqu'rors over Death.

5 When he ascended up on high,
Lo ! we ascended then ;
He captive led Captivity,
Receiving Gifts for Men.

6 Yea, for rebellious Men he su'd,
That God with them might dwell ;

And

And when his wounded Form he shew'd,
The Spirit on them fell.

- 7 All Praise to him, our God, our Friend,
Who finish'd all for us ;
We bless the Love, which hath no End,
Revealed on the Cross.

X.

1 **W**HENCE can it be that those deep
Wonders rise
In my poor Heart ? I view a Sacrifice !
What is the Off'ring, say—what can it be ?
Is it the God of Ages ? yes, 'tis he !

2 With Wonder gaze I, and with deepest Shame,
Upon the dying God, the bleeding Lamb !
Stand in amaze with me, Heav'n, Earth and
Skies,
I, who was lost, am found by Sacrifice !

3 This Sacrifice sufficient is for all
Who feel their Curse and Bondage in the Fall ;
This Sacrifice, approv'd complete and good,
Atones thro' Smart, and purifies by Blood.

4 *Christ* is the Sacrifice, that slaughter'd Lamb,
'Thro' whose Blood-shedding I accepted am :
He offer'd up himself in Blood for me,
That I from Condemnation might be free.

5 Adieu

5 Adieu to all beside my Lord and God,
Thus crucify'd upon a Cross of Wood ;
In Heav'n, and Earth, I stand oblig'd to none
But him, who did for all my Sins atone.

6 O! *Jesus*, I adore thy lovely Name ;
Thy Wounds have purg'd me from all Sin and
Shame ;
Thou hast allur'd and drawn my Soul to thee,
Where I, in Life, and Death, shall happy be.

XI.

1 **W**HEN first I knew, my Lord, my God,
'Twas in his deep Humility,
His Garments roll'd in his own Blood ;
With Eyes of Love he look'd on me.

2 Lo! then my fainting Heart reviv'd,
When I beheld the *Saviour* smile ;
'Twas then in *Jesus* I believ'd,
And felt the Glory of his Toil.

3 I nothing had, when my dear Lamb
Did shew me all my Sins forgiv'n ;
I nothing had but Filth and Shame,
When first I saw my Name in Heav'n.

4 Love, bleeding Love, first found out me,
And led me by a Way unfought ;
Love drew me to the bloody Tree,
And pointed out my Pardon bought ;

5 Bought

- 5 Bought with the *Saviour's* Pains and Blood :
 Amazing Love ! what Tongue can tell
 The Glory which I saw in God,
 When at his Foot-stool first I fell ?
- 6 Nor Angels may declare the Bliss
 My Soul receiv'd, when first I found,
 In *Christ*, my Strength, and Righteousness,
 Exhibited thro' ev'ry Wound.
- 7 His Promise is, He will remain
 My dear, my everlasting Friend ;
 He seal'd me this by unknown Pain ;
 Loves, and will love me to the End.
- 8 Then praise, my Soul, thy bleeding King,
 Who gives thee all his Heart to prove ;
 His matchless Grace for-ever sing,
 The Wonders of redeeming Love.

XII.

1 **M**Y dearest Redeemer, thou Light of my
 Days,
 My Heart's sincere Language shall shew forth thy
 Praise :

I now can behold the Smiles of thy Face,
 Thy Glory, dear *Saviour*, the Fountain of Grace:
 I'll tell the World of thee, of thy shedding Blood,
 That wonderful Myst'ry and Glory of God.

2 'Tis *Jesus, Jehovah*, the wounded I A M,
 Who dy'd on *Golgotha*, the sacrific'd Lamb ;
 His Beauties I see, thro' each weeping Wound ;
 His Body all bleeding where true Joys abound :
 He dy'd, but lives ever, and reigns over all ;
 He is my dear *Saviour*, his Name I extol.

3 He is a true Lover, whose Grace never ends ;
 My Soul bow and wonder, and view his pierc'd
 Hands !

Remember his Love, his Death, and his Smart,
 And all his Wounds number, the Life of my
 Heart :

He is my dear Portion ! what can I want more ?
 Freed from Condemnation, I bow and adore.

4 Who can but admire so faithful a Friend,
 Unchangeable Lover, who loves to the End ?
 Ere long I shall be amidst the lov'd Throng ;
 There, loud as the Thunders, I'll sing the new
 Song :

Still gazing, admiring, and singing most sweet,
 And also embracing his pierc'd Hands and Feet.

XIII.

1 **N**OW shall our Tongues with Rapture tell,
 How *Jesus* conquer'd Death and Hell,
 When on the Cross he dy'd :
 His Spoil we are he'll not deny,
 But own us to Eternity
 As his lov'd, chosen Bride.

- 2 His Mystery, his Death and Blood,
Hath reconcil'd us all to God ;
His Glory hides our Shame :
Whilst *Christ* is God's beloved Son,
We live with him for-ever one,
In Sonship, Grace and Name.
- 3 That he might equitably bleed
He took upon him *Abra'm's* Seed,
Then to the Altar went ;
Whilst in this Lamb to slaughter led,
The Sinner bare on his own Head
His Sin and Punishment.
- 4 Nor will he us in Trials leave,
But still is with us strong to save,
Whilst we on Earth remain :
In him our Life, our all is found ;
Than Sin, his Grace did more abound,
Reveal'd when he was slain.
- 5 How rich the Love, dear God, that we
Should be lov'd, lov'd by thee,
And sav'd from all our Shame :
With Joy we'll praise thee till we die,
And after Death eternally
Adore thy balmy Name.

XIV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and him crucify'd,
 Is mine, I want no more ;
 In his Wounds I'm deep inlaid ;
 My Name there standeth sure ;
 I am his, and he is mine ;
 My Root is in the promis'd Land ;
 I'm a Branch of the true Vine,
 The Plant of God's Right-Hand.
- 2 In the Lamb my fallow Ground
 Was plough'd with painful Toil,
 That which did with Thorns abound
 Is now a nobler Soil :
Christ's the Soil that's rich and good ;
 In him the lov'd Plantation grows ;
 Water'd by his heav'nly Blood,
 Its Merit always flows.
- 3 Growing in, and twist'd round
 My *Christ*, the bleeding Vine ;
 On him all my Fruit is found,
 Nor shall we e'er untwine :
 Here true Happiness I prove,
 'Tis here I've found a constant Friend,
 In the glorious Man of Love,
 Who loves me to the End.

XV.

- 1 **H**OW rich the Love! my Lord, my God,
For me, a Worm, hath dy'd ;
For me he shed his living Blood ;
I know no God beside.
- 2 The Source of all my Happiness
Is his eternal Name ;
Nor is there ought but Dung and Dross
Besides my dearest Lamb.
- 3 All Things shall perish but the Word,
He stands for-ever sure ;
Jesus for-ever is the Lord,
Let ev'ry Pow'r adore.
- 4 This Word made Flesh in *Beth'hem* seen,
Incarnate was in me,
In me, and all the Sons of Men,
That he our Head might be.
- 5 Then up unto our Head we look,
And blest that glorious Grace,
Which shews us God's eternal Book
Unseal'd in *Jesu's* Face.

XVI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Master, in thine Hand
 Lead on thy Family,
 'Till we all possess the Land,
 The promis'd Liberty :
 There amidst the holy Throng
 We all shall see thy blisful Face,
 Singing one eternal Song
 To *Christ*, the God of Grace.
- 2 In thy bleeding Heart shall we
 All find our blest'd Abode ;
 Each disowning all for thee,
 Thou wounded Lamb of God :
 There possessing all we want
 In thy rich Fulness, holy Lamb,
 Hence we all are now content
 To bear thy Cross and Shame.
- 3 In thy smitten Body we
 Are pure for evermore ;
 Happy to Eternity,
 We will our Lord adore :
 We in *Christ*, our Ark, abide,
 O'er each Temptation still we soar ;
 We disdain the swelling Tide,
 And soon shall reach the Shore.
- 4 Farewell all this World below,
 And all that Earth calls good,
 We rejoice no more in you,
 We are redeem'd by Blood.

Now

Now redeem'd to God we prove
 A safe Asylum from our Fears ;
 All the Heights, and Depths of Love,
 In *Jesu's* Blood appears.

XVII.

- 1 **M**Y Redeemer, let me be
 Quite happy at thy Feet,
 Still to know myself and thee,
 Be this my bitter sweet :
 Look upon my Infant State,
 And with a Father's yearning bless ;
 Don't thy ransom'd Child forget,
 Nor leave me in Distress.
- 2 I have foolishly abus'd
 My *Saviour's* bleeding Love ;
 All thy Gifts, my God, misus'd,
 When by Temptation drove :
 Justly I deserv'd to be
 Forsaken by my Lord and God ;
 Yet shall Justice plead for me,
 For whom thou shedst thy Blood.
- 3 Thy blest Smiles, my gracious Lord,
 Shall cheer my drooping Heart ;
 I'm instructed in thy Word,
 That thou unchanging art :
 Draw me to the Depth profound
 Of all thy Sorrows, Blood and Sweat,
 Passing on, thro' ev'ry Wound,
 Unto thy Mercy Seat :

4 There,

- 4 There, reclining on thy Breast,
 Th' eternal Sabbath find ;
 Proving in thee perfect Rest
 To my poor lab'ring Mind ;
 Waiting till my Lord I see,
 And be like him for-ever pure,
 At the heav'nly Jubilee,
 This Bliss to me is sure.

XVIII.

- 1 **D**ear'est, holy, wounded Lamb!
 Thou art still my constant Lover ;
 At thy Feet I blush with Shame,
 When thy Beauties I discover ;
 There I die and live again,
 Here I Life divine obtain.
- 2 In thy Wounds I shall abide ;
 There I find my great Salvation ;
 There defy the swelling Tide,
 And the Strength of each Temptation ;
 Deep inlaid in *Jesu's* Heart,
 He with me can never part.
- 3 O ! his Grace and Love, how free !
 Everlasting and unchanging ;
 Strange its Influence on me,
 Pow'rfully my Heart estranging
 From all, but the Man who dy'd,
 None but *Jesus* crucify'd.

- 4 Can it be that I should prove
 These thy Riches, O my *Saviour*,
 Live in thee, the Source of Love,
 There redeem'd and blest for-ever?
 Sure thy Grace, my God, is free,
 Else it ne'er had favour'd me.

XIX.

- 1 **I** S R' E L, trust thou in the Lord,
Jesus thy dear Portion is!
 He, the great incarnate Word,
 Is thy Strength, and Righteousness:
 He will thine abide;
Jesus is thy Dwelling-Place,
 Closely shelter'd in his Grace,
 From all Sin and *Satan* hide.
- 2 In the Lord is Vict'ry found
 For the struggling Sinner still;
 Shortly we shall all be crown'd
 On Mount *Zion*'s holy Hill:
 O! the Mount of God,
 There shall we his Wonders tell,
 Sing how we were sav'd from Hell,
 By his Sorrows, Wounds and Blood.

XX.

1 **T**RUEST Lover of thy People,
 Nought can turn thy Heart from me ;
 In thy Death thy poor Disciple
 Still obtains true Liberty,
 Thy blest Word, and Kind Behaviour,
 Death and Torments, Wounds and Blood,
 Still assures me, O my *Saviour*,
 That thou art my Lord, my God.

2 From thee I can never wander
 Fatally, but shall abide
 In that bleeding Fountain yonder,
 Shelter'd in thy pierced Side :
 There my *Jesus* freely gives me
 All the Glory he's receiv'd ;
 As he dy'd, so now he lives me ;
 This is Heav'n, when once believ'd.

XXI.

1 **N**OW the Lamb ascends on high,
 Behold him, Sons of God,
 Captive led Captivity,
 All conquer'd by his Blood :
 With him, we are risen too,
 In him, from ev'ry Charge set free ;
 In our risen *Christ* we view
 Our endless Liberty.

- 2 *Jesus* is gone up on High,
 Ye Sons of *Adam* hear ;
 Why will you despair and die
 In all your Sin and Fear :
 Gifts of Glory he receives,
 That God, your God, might dwell with you,
 And whoe'er in him believes,
 Shall find the Record true.

- 3 God's gone up with merry Noise,
 And with the Trumpet's Sound ;
 Hence our high, triumphant Joys
 Shall evermore abound :
 Tho' rebellious once, deceiv'd,
 Yet now our Tongues can greatly tell,
Jesus hath that Gift receiv'd,
 Of God, with us to dwell.

- 4 Our dear Lord's gone up on High,
 But first he greatly stood
 Th' Object of our Misery,
 Resisting Sin to Blood.
 In our Nature, Person, Name,
 Was *Jesus*, by the Law, arraign'd,
 Bearing all our Curse and Shame,
 As long as ought remain'd.

- 5 Now our Life's gone up on High,
 Each Babe in *Zion* knows
 How that God did justify
 His Church, when *Jesus* rose ;

Prefs we now then to attain
The Resurrection of the Dead,
Where the Members born again
Are perfect as the Head.

XXII.

On the Birth of Jesus.

1 **L**ET all the Nations of the Earth
Sing of the great Redeemer's Birth !
That once despised Man :
O how immense the Mystery ;
The Father of Eternity
Contracted to a Span.

2 The fallen Sons of Men he took,
Such that were written in his Book,
Did all our State assume,
That we with him, from Sin set free,
That pure and holy Thing might be,
Born from the Virgin's Womb.

3 Lo ! there *a Man was born again*,
Exempt from *Adam's* dreadful Stain,
And fully meet for Heav'n :
And here the fallen Sons of Earth
Are born of God, this their New-birth,
This Grace to them is giv'n.

4 With

- 4 With Angel-Hosts we join to sing
The Praises of our new-born King,
Our God incarnate blest,
Whose holy, strange, mysterious Birth,
Brought heavenly Joys to Sons of Earth,
With Peace and Righteousness.

XXIII.

- 1 **M**ortals behold your dying God,
Take Refuge in his Name ;
Come, wash your Robes white in the Blood
Of *Christ*, the slaughter'd Lamb.
- 2 O 'tis eternal Life to know
His Godhead, Blood, and Fame :
The Scriptures say, he dy'd for you,
Then venture on the Lamb.
- 3 Now welcome all who come to God,
In *Christ*, the *Saviour's* Name ;
There's full Redemption in his Blood ;
Then do not slight the Lamb.
- 4 O that you God, the *Saviour*, knew,
And that he bore your Shame ;
Dy'd, rose again, and lives for you,
Then would you prize the Lamb.
- 5 What Love, what Kindness did he shew !
When he from Heaven came,

To bear away all Sin from you,
Behold the holy Lamb.

6 How rich the Blood which once did flow !
To cover us from Shame ;
We'll bow before thy Foot-stool low,
And hail thee, lovely Lamb.

7 O *Christ*, our God, our bleeding King,
We'll ever sing thy Fame ;
Here and in Heav'n we'll shout and sing
Thy Glories, worthy Lamb.

XXIV.

1 **M**Y dear Master *Jesus Christ*,
For Peace to thee I fly ;
In thee *Saviour*, I am blest
To all Eternity :
Free from Care, and Sin, and Strife,
I rest in my dear Bridegroom's Love ;
Ever living in that Life,
Which *Jesus* lives Above.

2 O! the Heights of *Jesu's* Grace,
Which I so richly view,
Saviour, in thy lov'd Embrace
Are Blessings ever new :
Blessings, constant as the Day,
Flows from that wounded Heart of thine ;
All the Force of Words can't say
How glorious, how divine.

- 3 Lost in Wonder, I adore
 The mighty Prince of Life ;
 Him to praise for evermore,
 Be now my only Strife :
 That God might not frown on me,
 Nor doom my Soul to Banishment,
 He upon the shameful Tree
 To suffer was content.
- 4 Patient he the Cross endur'd
 Did all the Shame despise,
 Well he knew and was assur'd,
 This bloody Sacrifice
 Should his Children all complete
 In spotless Truth and Purity ;
 This the Joy before him set
 When he engag'd to die.
- 5 Here my Sin and Curse was drown'd,
 Redemption here obtain'd ;
 Here the Peace, once lost, was found,
 And Life eternal gain'd :
 Dead upon the Cross, in him,
 Atonement for my Sin I see,
 Weeping from each lifeless Limb,
 For Enemies, for me.

XXV.

- 1 **B**Y *Jesu's* Blood-shedding I Happiness gain,
 My Heart's ever pleading the Fruit of his
 Pain ; The

The Blessings for-ever made over to me
 By my dying *Saviour* on the shameful Tree ;
 How sweet the Relation, my Lord, and my God,
 Eternal Salvation I view in thy Blood.

2 Then thou my Soul venture on his Death and
 Smart,
 Into his Wounds enter and view his dear Heart ;
 No more be thou grieving, oppress'd with thy Sin,
 But live by believing where thou art made clean ;
 Look up to thy Surety, and still in his Blood,
 Behold all thy Purity, Meetness for God.

3 Here would I live ever, 'tis here I am blest,
 The Wounds of the *Saviour* is my perfect Rest ;
 In Spirit here meeting the Friends of the Lamb,
 With heavenly Greeting we'll hail his dear Name,
 As one all agreeing to praise our Lord, God,
 And thank him for freeing our Souls by his Blood.

XXVI.

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, dying God,
 Who wast a Man like me,
 Once nail'd to the accursed Wood,
 My guilty Soul to free :
 I love to hear of all thy Smart,
 (Thou bear'st it all for me)
 To see thy open bleeding Heart,
 Where I from Sin am free.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy Blood is *Gilead's* Balm indeed,
 Thy People's Hurt it heals ;
 Revives and quickens from the Dead,
 My Pardon writes and seals :
 Sown deeply in thy bleeding Wounds,
 I firmly rooted am ;
 My Root, my Growth, my Fruit abounds,
 In thee, thou spotless Lamb.
- 3 To Sin, Law, and the World, I'm dead,
 Now by thy Death and Blood ;
 With thee, my *Christ*, my Life is hid
 In all the Pow'r of God :
 When thou, my Life, with Trumpets blown,
 Appear'st on Clouds of Heav'n,
 Then shall that glorious Life be known,
 Which God to me hath giv'n.

XXVII.

- 1 **H**OW strange the Tidings, how profound !
 That God a Man should be ;
 In Servant's Form the Lord was found,
 To make us Servants free.
- 2 He of his Love did Man assure,
 Proclaiming all his Name ;
 E'en when the Bridal-Chamber pure
 The Virgin's Womb became.

- 3 Our Father lov'd us Worms so well,
 He put our Nature on,
 And thus became *Immanuel*,
 The Father and the Son.
- 4 He finish'd what his Love began,
 For *Adam's* ruin'd Race;
 We see the God shine thro' the Man,
 In dear *Immanuel's* Face.
- 5 This sacred Unity maintains
 Our constant Peace with God;
 Our Sin's aton'd for by his Pains,
 His Sorrow and his Blood.

XXVIII.

- 1 COME ye Lovers of the Lamb,
 Praise the great Almighty Name;
 To your God your Songs begin,
 To the Lamb, your bleeding King.
- 2 *Jesus*, thee we Honours give;
 Live, Almighty *Jesus*, live;
 Thou hast penn'd our Songs with Blood,
 Thee we hail, incarnate God.
- 3 We were laden once with Sin,
 But the Lamb hath made us clean;
 We, who once in Darkness lay,
 Now behold eternal Day.

- 4 Strangers once and far from God,
Now brought Home by *Jesu's* Blood,
Shining in our Wedding Dress,
In the Lord, our Righteousness.
- 5 Poor, and low, we once did lie,
Full of Wants, and sore oppress'd ;
Jesus now hath rais'd us high,
All our Grievances redress'd.
- 6 Deeply sinking once in Hell,
Without Hope, and without God ;
Now our Tongues can greatly tell,
We are sav'd by *Jesu's* Blood.
- 7 Freely we are sav'd by Grace,
Heart and Hand we this embrace ;
This Below fill ev'ry Tongue
This Above is all the Song.
- 8 Praises still to *Christ* we sing,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Th' living Waters in us flow,
Glory is begun below.

XXIX.

1 **T**HOU art my blest Portion, thou dear
Nazarene,
Who once was oppress'd,
And sorely distressed,

When

When thou didst lie under my Curse and my
Shame,
To save me for-ever, ador'd be thy Name.

2 There in that deep Wound, I view in thy Side,
I see my Election,
And all my Perfection ;
Beholding the Glory of thy Blood-bought Bride,
Amongst the dear Number who in thee confide.

3 Now I can behold thee, Love, bleeding for me !
I bow to none other,
But thee my dear Lover,
With Wonder I view thee on the bloody Tree,
And hear thee, Lamb, crying, *'Tis finish'd for thee:*

4 That Moment I prov'd the Grace of thy Name,
Where all Things I wanted
Unto me was granted ;
Yea, mine is thy Fulness that's always the same,
That still I might praise thee, thou meek slaughter'd
Lamb.

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